The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 17, 1919

GENERAL PERSHING'S RETURN

THROUGH the acclaims of the people of New York the American Nation last week greeted the Commander-in-Chief of the American armies abroad. Secretary Baker, who met General Pershing as he left the Leviathan, greeted him with a personal message from the President, and handed him the commission making him a full General; he is the fifth to hold that rank. By the people Pershing and his splendid First Division were received with the utmost enthusiasm. It is true, as Secretary Baker remarked, that the task undertaken by General Pershing required "all the energy and all the genius of a great commander." Such criticisms as have been directed against General Pershing have not in the least thrown doubt on the fact that he carried through our great military effort with vigor, wisdom, and dignity. So long as the memory of the great war shall last General Pershing's name will stand for American courage, American steadfastness, and American victory.

THE PRESIDENT GOES TO THE COUNTRY

The first few days of President Wilson's face-to-face appeal to the people of the country to uphold the Treaty of Peace and the League of Nations were marked by important speeches before great gatherings in Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Des Moines. In five days he traveled 2,600 miles, spoke in four States, and remained unabated in energy and earnestness.

It has been said that in no former speeches has the President been so informal and unconventional as in some passages of these addresses. Such phrases as "Put up or shut up" and "Contemptible quitters" are a departure from the usual Wilsonian suavity. But in the main the appeal was to high patriotic feeling. There was little attempt to argue point by point the many questions in dispute. The contention was that, despite possible minor defects and inconsistencies, the Treaty and the League stood for the world's peace and security. Mr. Wilson declared that his opponents had chiefly discussed only three out of the twenty-six articles of the Covenant of the League, and that "the other articles contain this heart of the matter, that instead of war there shall be arbitration; instead of war there shall be discussion; instead of war there shall be the closure of intercourse; instead of war there shall be the irresistible pressure of the opinion of all mankind."

Occasionally, however, Mr. Wilson took up specifically a debated point, notably in his discussion of Article X. So far from being robbed of sovereign independence by that article, he said, "the Council of the League advises what should be done to enforce the respect for that covenant, on the part of the nation attempting to violate it. And there is no compulsion upon us to take that advice—except the compulsion of our good conscience and judgment."

It is impossible to quote at length from the addresses, or as yet to form an impression as to their total effect on the sentiment of the country. The burden of the President's appeal was expressed eloquently in his closing words at St. Louis:

> This Nation went into this war to see it through to the end, and the end has not come yet. This is the beginning, not of the war, but of the processes which are going to render war like this impossible. There are no other processes than these that are proposed in this great treaty. It is a great treaty. It is a treaty of justice.
>
> We are in the presence, therefore, of the most solemn choice that this people was ever called upon to make. That choice is nothing less than this: Shall America redeem her pledges to the world? America is made up of the peoples of the world, and she has said to mankind at her birth: "We have come to redeem the world by giving it liberty and justice." Now we are called upon before the tribunal of mankind to redeem that immortal pledge.

THE PEACE TREATY IN THE SENATE

The Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations on September 4 ordered the Peace Treaty reported back to the Senate with four proposed reservations, and four proposed amendments are also made public. It was expected that the complete report would be in the hands of the Senate within a week. Then begins a debate the outcome of which it is impossible to predict, as the lines of demarcation between "mild reservationists," stringent reservationists, advocates of the Treaty without change, and opponents of it root and branch, are not definitely drawn. Various reservations differing from those offered by the Committee on Foreign Relations are already proposed. Party lines will not be followed unanimously. Compromises of all sorts may be proposed. And as a two-thirds vote of the Senate is prescribed by the Constitution for its consent to a treaty's ratification, the possibility of a block to affirmative action is great.

The four "reservations and understandings" proposed by the Committee may be briefly summarized: The first secures for this country the unconditional right to withdraw from the League on notice and without delay. The second makes requisite the consent by a joint resolution of Congress to any obligation on the part of the United States to enter into military or economic measures which would interfere in foreign controversies or secure a foreign country against aggression as to its territory or independence or against internal conflict. The third asserts exclusive right on our part to decide what matters are within our domestic jurisdiction and therefore not to be referred to the League. The fourth declares a positive refusal to submit to the League any questions relating to the Monroe Doctrine.

Would these reservations affect the Treaty so as to require its alteration before ratification? The preamble to the Committee's resolution says that ratification "is not to take effect or bind the United States until the said following reservations and understandings have been accepted as a part of and a condition of said instrument of ratification by at least three of the four principal allied and associated Powers, to wit, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan." Just what this actually involves will doubtless appear later. There are many of the milder reservationists who believe that an open declaration of our understanding and intention as to these matters would be such notice to the world at large that there would be no question as to our meaning and purpose, and that it would be totally unnecessary to insist on a formal interchange of ratifications as to the reservations. The President is understood to hold that these points are already implicit in the Treaty itself.

As to the proposed amendments, there can be no question that to become effective they must be made a part of the Treaty. They provide, briefly stated: first, that American representation in the Assembly of the League of Nations shall equal that of any other country—that is to say, that the five British dominions and provinces should not have each a separate and equal vote; second, that we shall not be made a party to the numerous commissions dealing with

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European matters, with the exception of the reparation commission; third, that all the German claims in Shantung Province should go to China and not to Japan; and, fourth, that in case of "disputes which may arise between the United States and any other Power or colony of a Power the mother country of that Power may not sit in judgment of the claims of the United States, or in the event that the dispute is with the parent nation the colony is also excluded from fixing judgment upon the claims of either disputant."

What the President holds in regard to action or refusal by the Senate is shown by these remarks in his speech at St. Louis:

> Their position [that is, that of the opponents of the Treaty] is either that we ought to reject this Treaty altogether or that we ought to change it in such a way as will make it necessary to reopen negotiations with Germany and reconsider the settlements of the peace in many essential particulars. We cannot do the latter alone, and other nations will not join us in doing it. The only alternative is to reject the peace and to do what some of our fellow-countrymen have been advising us to do, stand alone in the world.

A GUILTY DYNASTY AND A GUILTY PEOPLE

A stinging but dignified rebuke was administered by the covering letter which was handed to the Austrian peace delegates at Paris together with the completed treaty. The Austrians had urged that because the Hapsburg dynasty has been banished and the old Austro-Hungarian Empire broken up, the present Austria ought not to be considered as an enemy state at all nor as the inheritor of the responsibilities of the old régime. On the contrary, says in effect the covering letter, which bears strong traces of the hand of Clemenceau, the peoples of Austria and Hungary, as well as their former rulers, "bear in a peculiar degree responsibility for the calamities which have befallen Europe during the last five years." Moreover, the people of Austria were ardent supporters of the war policy from the very beginning. If they had attempted to dissociate themselves from the German and Austrian Imperial plot or had protested against the war in any way, their plea might have had force. As it is, they are co-partners in the international crime and are equally guilty with their rulers. Indeed, Austria and its people have a peculiar and special responsibility in the matter, because the war was precipitated by Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, which, as the letter says, "was no more than an insincere excuse for beginning a war for which the late autocratic government at Vienna, in close association with the rulers of Germany, had long prepared, and for which it considered the time had arrived."

The Allies, therefore, justly declare that the text of the treaty submitted to Austria must be accepted or rejected as a whole and that no further modifications will be made. The plea that Austria is now a small community and must be protected is answered by a reminder that the treaty itself makes special provisions for the protection of small communities and that "it will no longer be possible for powerful empires to threaten with impunity the political and economic life of their lesser neighbors."

GENERAL BOTHA

The premature death of General Louis Botha (he was born in 1863) calls attention to the breadth, wisdom, and success of British colonial policy.

Here was a fighting Boer, if there ever was one. In the Boer War he was the youngest of the more prominent native leaders. He was the victor of Rietfontein, Spion Kop, and Colenso. When Joubert died, he succeed as Commander-in-Chief. He maintained war against the British to the very end with immense energy and success, winning the admiration not only of his fellow-Boers, but also of the British, because of his resourceful tenacity—he kept the Boer War going two years longer, it is said, than it otherwise would have lasted. Botha was equally notable because of his chivalric observance of humane warfare, and finally, when nothing else could be done, he surrendered.

Instead of sulking in his tent, he took a leading part in the work of reconstruction. His disposition found a welcome and characteristic counterpart in that of the British Government itself, which generally trusts the man on the ground "to do the business." In 1907, after the grant of self-government to the Transvaal, Botha was called upon to form a Ministry, and was its Premier until 1910. In that year the autonomous Union of South Africa came into existence and he was universally recognized as its natural leader. He became Prime Minister, and, with the exception of a short interlude, had held the office ever since. To him more than to any other is due South Africa's later development.

When the war broke out in 1914, General Botha took command of the Union forces and proceeded to attack German Southeast Africa. He had a double foe to attack. He found himself handicapped by treason in his own forces. Upwards of ten thousand armed citizens took the field against him—the "old line" Boers. Even General de Wet had succumbed to the German propaganda and had raised the standard of rebellion. Botha hunted down and dispersed the rebels. Then he conducted a campaign over a nearly waterless country, where the few wells had been poisoned by the Germans and where the sandstorms compelled the soldiers to wear goggles. In July, 1915, he forced the surrender of the forces in German Southwest Africa and placed under the British flag 116,000 more square miles of territory than Germany itself contains. Finally, he furnished the troops which, under General Smuts, eventually broke through the resistance in German East Africa. With Smuts, Botha signed the Peace Treaty in Paris.

We surmise that the British Empire was prouder of no man at Paris than of Botha, statesman and soldier.

THE CUMMINS BILL

Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, is Chairman of the Senate Inter-State Commerce Committee, and also of its sub-committee which has now drafted and submitted to the Senate a notable railway measure already known as "the Cummins Bill." Its objects are:

> Private ownership and operation.
> Strict Government control.

To these ends the bill would consolidate railway property into regional systems; would create a board of five members appointed by the President of the United States, transferring to it some of the present Inter-State Commerce Commission's powers; would provide that railway directorates must have two members representing the employees and two representing the Government; would create a committee of eight members, four representing labor and four representing the railway companies, for decisions concerning wages and working conditions; would prohibit lockouts and strikes, and would establish a system of profit-sharing by employees.

As to the properties, to the query if in this scheme of consolidation Congress had the Constitutional right to deprive a well-conducted road of an adequate return upon the value of its property, Senator Cummins is quoted as replying:

> I have no doubt about that. . . . The bill provides that the Inter-State Commerce Commission shall establish rates that will make a fair return upon the value of all property.

To a further query as to whether the result would not be to force the weaker roads into bankruptcy, Mr. Cummins replied: "The weaker roads are in bankruptcy; that is the unfortunate part of the situation."

As to labor, and strikes in particular, Senator Cummins said:

> I have always regarded the strike as an invaluable weapon, the only weapon

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

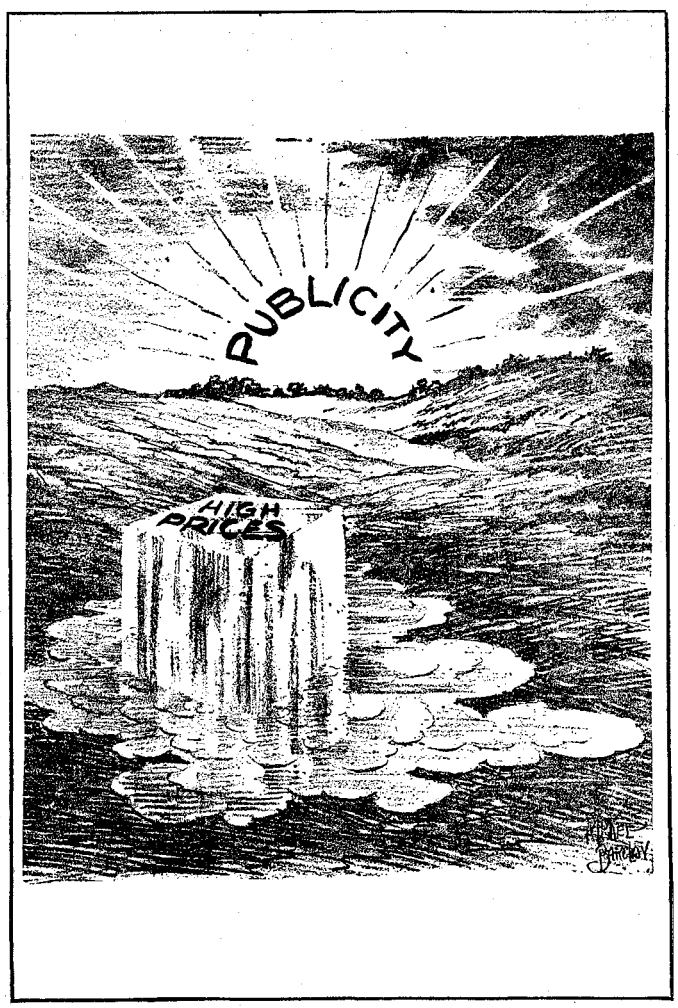
Kirby in the New York World

COAST TO COAST

Darling in the New York Tribune

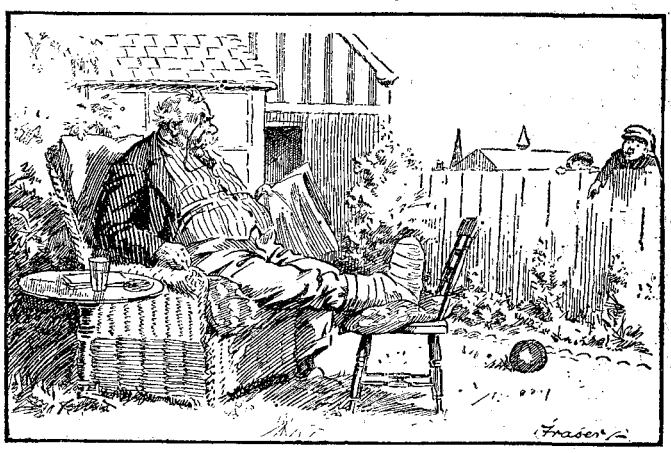
GOING WEST TO VISIT THE FOLKS

Barclay in the Baltimore Sun



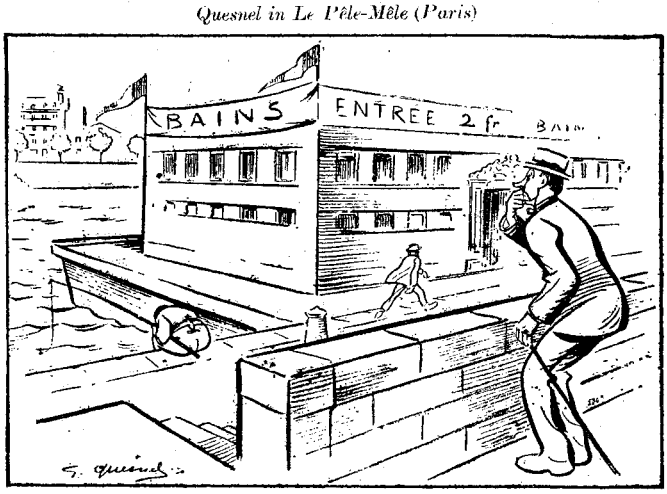
IT HAS MELTED A LITTLE BIT

Fraser in London Opinion



"Please, sir, would you mind kicking my ball over?"

Quesnel in Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)



EVERYTHING DEAR!

"Two francs for a bath! Even the water in the Seine has risen!"

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of the laboring man to secure justice; but when we advance to the point where the Government undertakes to fix his wages there is no longer room for the interruption to commerce of a strike or a lockout. I believe the bill will result in justice to the employee.

The provision for labor representation on railway directorates is, added Mr. Cummins, the recognition of the employees' just demand for participation in the policies of the companies. "It will not be long until all industries are organized that way," he concluded. "It is a condition precedent to peaceful, intelligent settlement of controversies between capital and labor."

Certainly we cannot successfully meet the railway problem until some such consolidation of capital and labor as above outlined shall have taken place. Otherwise Government ownership and operation will be but a question of time.

THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

William M. Johnston, of California, won the National tennis championship on September 4, when he defeated in three straight sets William T. Tilden, of Philadelphia. The tournament which ended with the crowning of Johnston as champion of the United States was one of the most dramatic in American tennis history. Johnston, in fighting his way through the brilliant field to the place of highest honor, proved again that he was entitled to rank with the best of the masters of this difficult and fascinating game. Not only did he overcome the best that America could afford, but he also beat the British champion, the redoubtable Gerald L. Patterson, of Australia.

After the completion of the National tournament he also engaged in an exhibition match with Patterson's brilliant teammate, Norman E. Brookes, and defeated this player by taking three sets to his opponent's one.

Johnston's victory was in every way well deserved, for he is one of the soundest and best-rounded players of the game.

A ROYAL GIFT

Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, announces his withdrawal of any right of possession of the buildings on the royal crown lands "in favor of those institutions and charitable organizations whose distinct aim is to mitigate such sufferings of the people as arise out of the dire consequences of war."

The King had already designated six of his royal residences, which he would turn over to the nation, as permanent homes for disabled soldiers. These included certain royal villas in north Italy, some near Rome, and the splendid palace at Caserta near Naples, buildings which he had already assigned for hospital and other use when Italy entered the war in 1915.

Nor, apparently, is this all. Another despatch from Italy says that the King has given the royal crown lands themselves to the peasantry and "to those who fought for Italian unity." This would of course double the value and significance of the buildings. Now that the Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, and Romanov possessions no longer exist, the Italian crown lands are the most extensive of those held by any European monarch. Many of these properties came to the ruling House of Savoy by bequest from the heads of the small states which combined to form the United Kingdom of Italy.

No head of a government anywhere has, we think, shown a more constant interest than has Victor Emanuel, either in the economic development of a people or in the welfare of those called upon to defend their country. To the daily proofs of his personal feeling he now adds an unprecedented expression. What ruler has ever made a more magnificent gift?

There is nothing patronizing or grandiloquent in this gracious act. Those who know Italy do not need to be reminded that in her present Executive she is blessed with a naturally democratic man, accidentally a king.

JOBS FOR THE SOLDIERS

In its endeavor to find positions for discharged soldiers and sailors the United States Employment Service of the Department of Labor has been remarkably reinforced by State and city governments, by Chambers of Commerce, by the American Federation of Labor, and by the well-known welfare societies. It is hard to know just how to apportion the credit.

While the United States Employment Service is sometimes adversely criticised, one must remember that it is a new undertaking and a very large one.

Its noteworthy accomplishments reveal the long-felt need for a Federal employment service.

Few people, however, realize that *skilled* work is called for on the part of employment agencies.

First, the laboring man must have confidence in the agency, must believe in its honesty and in its devotion to his own best interests.

Second, it is equally important for his best interests as well as for the employer's that the agency should be able properly to "size up" each applicant for a job, so that when a man is sent to fill a vacancy the likelihood will be in favor of his being able to hold the place. Nothing can discredit an agency more quickly in the eyes of both the parties served than recurring instances of failure to have man and job fit. Only in cases of unskilled labor, when numbers are needed, without special qualifications, is this sort of study not vital to the success of the work. It is essential, therefore, that an employment service should serve the best interests of the man who has the job and the man who has his service to give. From the very nature of the case such work must be done very well indeed in order to seem even passably good.

The present Federal Employment Service lacks two particular powers; it should have them to meet the larger aspects of its endeavor. First, no available Government or other machinery under its control exists to transport men from one part of the country to another; hence there has been very little success in starting any movement of labor from cities of surplus to cities of need. Second, there has been no working out of a system of industrial training; such training gives men the chance to make the most of themselves. Nevertheless, in their efforts for the returning soldiers and sailors, let us be thankful that the United States Employment Service, the other agencies, together with the War Department's timely leadership, have during the past few months brought us far nearer to what we all want—the right job for the right soldier—than we were during the winter.

A LEAGUE OF CHURCHES

The Outlook recently published an article giving views of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople on the question of church union—or reunion. The Rev. Frank E. Henry sends us an account of what is being done in this direction in Montana.

About a year and a half ago in New York City there was a meeting of the heads of nine Home Missionary Societies. They represented the leading Protestant churches. They formed a new organization, the Home Missionary Council. In the Council's work all denominational organization remained intact with local leadership as before, but the Churches now have a general staff, composed of what might be called the field marshals of each Church.

There was need for the Council's activity, as Mr. Henry says. The overchurched sections of most cities and States had already risen up to condemn the missionary societies for spending missionary funds for the overlapping of religious activity, while at the same time certain sections of cities and of the country were destitute of religious privileges. A consolidation plan was taken up in Montana. Mr. Henry writes of its reception:

The watery Baptist and the dry-as-dust Presbyterian met and mingled

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with advantage to each other and the rest. Headstrong Congregationalists and heartstrong Methodists found in each other a corrective and counterbalance. The liturgical Episcopalian made the best offhand speech and the Southern Methodist the most classical. The Lutheran, with his high board fence of language and theology, and the Disciple, whose job has been ostensibly to remove all fences, joined in singing with the others,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

A tour of the State was undertaken, each group traveling over one of the railway lines that cross Montana, stopping to study the church situation at typical towns and cities and to make cross-country motor trips to unchurched settlements far from the railways. The result was that the State became divided up among the denominations; that is, in small towns and outlying districts each Church to the compact agreed to respect the prior right of occupancy held by any other Church, while in the cities an effort was made to "allocate" districts to bring about an interchange of territory whereby two organizations could exchange weak churches, leaving one strong society.

Thus the result will be, declares Mr. Henry, that not a corner of Montana, even though a hundred miles from the railway, will be left without a resident pastor giving more or less regular services.

FINLAND'S ABILITY FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT

In rejoinder to some statements in recent issues of The Outlook questioning the ability of Finland for self-government, Mr. Akseli Rauanheimo, Director of the Finnish Government's Information Bureau in New York City, writes to us, rather resenting the term "new nation" as applied to Finland, and asserting that Finland is no "new nation" in the sense that it is only now arranging its self-government. As he says, Finland is not only old in civilization (the ability to read has been general for some two hundred years), but from ancient times the people have had self-government. Under Swedish rule Finland was governed as a separate Grand Duchy. "When, in 1809, Finland came under Russian rule, it was lifted to the level of a nation by Alexander I, who preserved and ratified the self-government of the country. During the entire time of Russian rule Finland had its own organized government, similar to those of western Europe, its own monetary system, customs, etc. It had its own Parliament long before there was any representation of the people in the Russian Government."

And all this time, declares Mr. Rauanheimo, Finland has been well able to govern its people. There have been no disturbances in Finland on account of its self-government. "The Government became unsettled only when through interference from the Russian Government it was prevented from proceeding according to the laws of Finland." The so-called "Red Rebellion" last year itself originated in Russia, and was, protests Mr. Rauanheimo, the only rebellion against the lawful Government of the country that ever occurred there.

Now that Finland has become independent, Russia can no longer interfere in the Finnish Government. The self-government of Finland can now continue and develop freely on the principles which have long been established in other countries.

The present democratic form of government in Finland has been accentuated by the election of a democratic President. In the election of members to Parliament every Finnish man and woman has a vote. This Parliament has already effected reforms, and some of them, Mr. Rauanheimo claims, go further than do those in any other European country. Mr. Rauanheimo also claims that absolute order now prevails in Finland, and that it has been the first country to defeat Bolshevism.

It may have been—and this is a proud distinction—but we query the "absolute order."

MEXICO

THE American people have just passed through a terrible and bloody war. They do not want to begin another if it can possibly be avoided. No plebiscite or referendum is necessary to convince us that the people of this country are opposed to military intervention in Mexico if justice, human rights, and self-respect can be preserved in any other way. It may be admitted that under the Administration of President Carranza much has been done to provoke, irritate, and anger the American people. Much has been done to hamper, injure, and even destroy their legitimate financial and commercial interests in Mexico. President Carranza's attitude towards the World War has done more than any other one thing to strengthen the impression in this country that Mexican sentiment is hostile to the United States. Without question dangerous irritation, antipathy, and hostility exist on both sides of the border. The question is, Can this aggressive and hostile relationship be changed into one of neighborly co-operation, such as exists on both sides of the Canadian border, without an appeal to force?

If Mexico and the United States are not to drift into war, they must have a better mutual understanding of their deficiencies, errors, responsibilities, and common interests then they now seem to possess. Many intelligent Mexicans think that the American people have deliberately elected to follow a policy of aggression in order to add Mexico's territory, one of the richest in natural resources in the world, to that of the United States. Many intelligent Americans believe that Mexico is under the control of a set of greedy, unscrupulous bandits who are engaged in robbing their own fellow-citizens and foreign investors with equal zest and disregard of human rights. Neither of these estimates is true. But where does the actual truth lie? Is it possible to get at the truth? Can the facts in the controversy be so presented to the American and the Mexican people that they can be persuaded to work together for a mutual solution of the problem? Round-table conferences between the two Governments have been tried and have failed. War on a small and half-hearted scale—for the taking of Vera Cruz and the sending of a military punitive expedition into Mexico were certainly war—has been tried and has failed. There remains only one thing to be done, and that is to create a real and forceful public opinion in this country for peace or for war. Watchful waiting for some solution to turn up will no longer avail.

The way to create public opinion on any case is to give the facts to the public with an authority which it accepts and in a form which it can easily grasp. This has not been done in the Mexican situation, but it could be accomplished, it seems to us, somewhat simply in this way:

Let the President appoint a commission of not less than six and not more than ten men to visit Mexico. Let the appointees be men of high repute and represent various walks of life—industry, education, sociology, scholarship, finance, labor, statesmanship. Let this commission have the prestige and authority of being appointed by the President and with the duty of reporting to the President, but possessed of no political function or authority whatever. Let its sole duty be to visit, and by conference and observation get the facts. When its visit and deliberations are finished, let it present to the President a report of the social, political, and industrial situation in Mexico, the American problems arising from this situation, and its recommendations for the solution of such problems. Let its report be brief, non-technical, and readable. We believe that the Mexican people and authorities would welcome such a visit, and that the American public would accept such a report if the members of the commission were men whose names and character commanded public respect. If the report was cast in the form of a readable narra-

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tive, such as Dr. John Finley, the Educational Commissioner of New York State, or William Roscoe Thayer, the historian, might write, the newspaper and periodical press of the United States would publish it widely.

The object of such a commission and such a report would be non-political and non-partisan. It would not even be for the purpose of suggesting legislation. It would be simply and solely to give the American people the facts. Something of this kind has been tried once or twice before, but has failed for what seem to us to be very obvious reasons. A report by an individual or by a group representing merely one phase of American thought, like finance or journalism, is inevitably open to the suspicion of personal or political or class prejudice. A commission, however, can be appointed of such a character that its public utterances would have the force of the utterances of a group of scientists who go without prejudice to explore and describe a country unknown to the mass of their own fellow-citizens. Before the American people can make up their mind with regard to Mexico we believe they want the facts. These at present they do not possess.

In the meantime we desire to recommend to our readers the nearest approach to such a report of the facts from the pen of a single writer that we have seen. It is a book entitled "Mexico To-Day and To-Morrow," by Edward D. Trowbridge, and it is published by the Macmillan Company, of New York. Mr. Trowbridge is an industrial engineer of Detroit who has had important administrative experience both in Spain and in Mexico. He has been the managing executive of one of the great public utility companies in the latter country owned by foreign capital. All his interests would predispose him, we should suppose, towards intervention. On the contrary, he is an anti-interventionist. We are glad to say that the suggestion made in this article of a Presidential Mexican commission is due to the stimulation we have received from a reading of this book and to an illuminating discussion of the whole problem with its author.

POPULAR FALLACIES

VI—THAT IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY CITIZEN TO MAKE HIMSELF A POLITICAL WORKER WHETHER HE HAS ANY TASTE OR BENT FOR POLITICS OR NOT

CO-OPERATION in the service of the community is essential to the welfare of the community, but we cannot all do the same thing. In order to live together in a civilized state we must provide food, clothing, and shelter; some means for the interchange of the products of our various industries; transportation of ourselves and our goods from one part of the country to another; warehouses to store them and shops where they can be purchased; healing for the sick and care of the aged, the infirm, and the defective; education for the children; art, music, rational amusement, mutual information and instruction and moral and spiritual inspiration for all. There must be farmers, merchants, manufacturers, artisans, stage-drivers and railway operators, doctors, hospitals, teachers, authors, editors, playwrights, and ministers of religion.

In order that this complicated life may be carried on, there must be government, partly to protect us from the dishonest and the criminal, partly to perform certain functions of a public nature, such as the building of roads, the lighting of cities, and the carriage of mails. No one person can do all these things. Some must farm, some manufacture, some buy and sell, some teach. The only reason why all men must have the right to take part in government is that if government is left to one group the other groups will not be justly governed. But freedom of government does not require that all the members of all the groups take an equally active part in the government.

Industry must be free; and that it may be free every citizen must be at liberty to enter any industry he chooses—there must be no monopoly. But it is not necessary that any citizen should take part in any particular industry. Speech must be free; and that it may be free every citizen must be at liberty to express his opinion by voice or in print; there must be no censorship of the press. But it is not necessary that every citizen should be an orator, or an editor, or even write letters to the newspapers. So government must be free; and that it may be free every citizen must be at liberty to take part in it. But it is not necessary that he should take part in it at all times, nor any specified share as a political worker at any time. The liberty of all citizens to take part in the government does not insure either a wise or a just government, but it is the best device which has yet been discovered to prevent government by a class for the class; and class government has been the most prolific cause of injustice in the history of the world. Universal participation in government makes it possible for the citizens to overthrow by peaceable means any government which becomes intolerably unjust and oppressive.

There are three duties of every citizen, domestic, individual, political. It is the duty of the husband and wife to provide for each other's comfort and for the comfort, education, training, and happiness of their children; to provide for the comfort and the intellectual and spiritual well-being of the community; and to do what they can to secure a pure, honest, and efficient government. Which of these three duties comes first depends partly upon the individual and partly upon the times. During the last three years the political duties came first. Husbands left their homes, teachers their pupils, ministers their churches, manufacturers their factories, farmers the plough, artisans the bench and anvil, in order to protect a strange people across the sea from an unprovoked assault by an unprincipled band of brigands. They are now returning to take up their accustomed duties in the homes, the shops, the schools, and the churches. We may fondly hope and earnestly pray that such a call will never again be made upon the American people. But there are times far less stressful which call upon the citizen to sacrifice something of his home comfort and his ordinary industrial activity in order to take part in political action. I live in a New York village, the political affairs of which give most of its citizens but little concern. They are administered, in the main well administered, by five officers who are generally elected unanimously, who serve with no pay and with little honor, and who are always habitually subjected to a plentiful amount of criticism. To secure this good government it is not necessary that I should become a political worker. But every two years, under the Local Option Law of this State, we have had to vote on the question whether we would allow saloons. When this question has arisen, the minister has turned from the pulpit, the teacher from the school-room, the fathers and the mothers from their homes, the merchants and artisans from their shops, and for three weeks have become political workers and have devoted their time and energies to a political campaign to keep the saloons out of the town; they have succeeded in their effort. For this work they had neither taste nor bent, and when on two occasions the liquor dealers failed to file the petition which the law required in order to bring the matter before the community, the temperance workers rejoiced in the relief afforded to them.

These two incidents, one National, one local, may serve to illustrate the principle that whether it is the duty of the private citizen to become a political worker depends upon the particular conditions at any particular time.

There seem to me, however, to be three political duties which every citizen owes, under all ordinary circumstances, to his community.

The citizen ought to ascertain as well as he can the character of the candidates

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for office and to vote only for trustworthy men. I know of no better brief characterization of fitness for public office than that of Jethro to Moses, "Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness." "Principles, not men," is a deceptive saying; for it should be substituted, Principles in men. Principles professed by unprincipled men are worse than valueless.

There are usually three or four political parties in the field. We elect not merely a candidate, but the party which that candidate represents—not merely Mr. Wilson, but the Democratic party; not merely Mr. Taft, but the Republican party. The citizen should decide which of the parties that are asking his suffrage is the one to which he desires to intrust the government of the State or the Nation for the ensuing term. For this purpose he should endeavor to make himself acquainted with the principles and personnel of the rival parties. Independent judgment, not inherited prejudice, should control his vote.

And at all times, by public and private utterances, by speech and by act, in the parlor, the hotel lobby, the polling-booth, his influence should be exerted upon the side of justice, purity, good will, and the honor and the welfare of the American people.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

"DELIVERANCE"

IT goes against the grain of most sane and normal human beings to be "uplifted"—a fact which in no way prevents many of us from attempting to uplift and improve the minds and habits of our neighbors. It is a temptation which besets editors with peculiar force—probably because of all men they have the freest chance of talking without waiting to hear the ensuing reply.

Fear of being "uplifted" may keep many from the exhibition of one of the most impressive and dramatic of the recent films—"Deliverance." "Deliverance" is the presentation of the life-story of Helen Keller, the woman whose conquest of the realms of silence and night mark the beginning of an epoch in the world of education. "Deliverance" is the record of a heroic mind shown forth vividly and poignantly. It should not be avoided because it happens to point a moral.

At a recent exhibition of this film in New York a spectator was overheard to say, as he read the programme before the picture began, "'Deliverance: Helen Keller's Message to the World!' Humph! that is enough to spoil it for me." But one who observed this same spectator's face as the eventful story of Helen Keller's life flashed across the screen knew that his prophecy of disappointment had not been fulfilled by the drama itself. To praise "Deliverance" is not to say that the film is artistically faultless. It does contain dramatic moments which we have seldom seen equaled on the silvered screen. The inherent power of this story of tragedy and triumph sweeps away all minor impediments to its complete acceptance. But from this film a critic might draw lessons concerning the pictured drama of very wide application.

The film is artistic when it is simplest, most imaginative when it does not strain after what passes with most moving-picture directors for imagination. It is instructive when it does not attempt to instruct, and justifies the spectator's criticism which we have already quoted only when it seeks to drive home lessons and precepts which are sufficiently obvious in themselves to be classed as axiomatic.

Why moving-picture directors, possessed of a medium which knows no limitation of time or space, who have at their command earth, sea, and sky, should find it impossible to express themselves without leaning heavily on allegorical figures which died (and should have been buried) in the days of Pope, is one of the puzzles which we cannot attempt to solve. The story of Helen Keller in "Deliverance" looms, like a mountain peak above the valley mist, over the non-essential trivialities with which it has been surrounded.

A WORD FOR ITALY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM SIENA

IT is with the greatest pleasure that one reads in an Italian paper of a valuable article published in The Outlook, in which a claim is made for Italy's rights and for fair treatment of her. One who has lived in the country for many years and who has Italy's cause deeply at heart cannot do otherwise than thank The Outlook for what it has done.

It is doubtful whether the American people have any idea of the deep feeling of injury and pain and injustice which fills the heart of all Italians to-day. This country went into the war at a moment when all seemed dark for her allies, and when she herself was but very meagerly prepared for such an important step. She was poor, imperfectly equipped, full of internal dissensions and struggles, and the future looked uncertain and forbidding. Yet the nation came together, every sacrifice possible was made, and she was ready to defend her rights, and with them the rights of the civilized world; and so, when the moment came, without any hesitation, Italy went forward. All the best blood of the country was stirred. Old memories were awakened, old wrongs were to be redressed, but—and this is what the outside world does not perhaps understand—Italy went forward to do her part and to give her last man in the cause of righteousness and justice, and to help to right the wrongs of the world—the wrongs which seemed to be on the throne and to threaten to overthrow all rights.

Still, there are many persons outside of Italy who wish to prove that her assistance was as nothing, that she did not take Trent and Trieste, that it was entirely owing to the good soldiery of England and France that the Piave was crossed, and that all the deeds which were worth while were owing to some one else, but not, of course, to Italy! This is a good deal to bear; now comes this question of Fiume.

If there was ever a case where "Mind your own business" was the right expression to use, it is now. Fiume intends to be Italian; it is the wish of almost all her population, and Italian she must be.

Just now, when Italy is looking forward to an increased commercial growth, a development of all her industries and exports, and to an improvement in her financial condition, greatly weakened by the war, it is very hard to have her accused of "Imperialistic" aspirations. The "redeemed lands" are only what she has for generations tried to liberate and to bring back to their rightful government. Fiume belongs naturally and geographically to the same scheme. Why must every one outside interfere with its being Italian when that is what most of its population is and wants to be?

Italy has borne her part with the bravest, and has suffered more than perhaps the world knows. Her soldiers have fought like lions, and died, too, when need be, like men. There was Caporetto, it is true; but must that weakness, that treachery, to which the soldiers who swerved were falsely led, be forever held up against a nation of brave men? Italy *did* hold her own after that heart-breaking time. She did conquer her enemies and drive out the invader. And no one in Italy ever says that she is not grateful to the bottom of her heart for all the help she had from other nations, though it is true that she held back the enemy herself and that hers was the final victory.

The American people have no idea how this Latin people feels these humiliations. I believe they would be sorry if they did, to know that this land is hurt to the heart, and that these misunderstandings and mistaken views of Italy's part in the war will take years to be forgotten and wiped out.

KLYDAS R. STEEGE.

Siena, Italy.

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TWO NEGRO LULLABIES

BY LEIGH RICHMOND MINER

DE LI'L ROAD TO RES'

Ol' mammy gwine to tell yo'
'Bout de li'l' road to res',
'Caze de short cut ain' no count
'N' yo' mammy's way's de bes'.

Yo' gwan down de norf-road jes' li'l' piece,
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de eas',
To de eas',
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de eas',
'N' yo' gwan 'n' yo' gwan
'N' yo' gwan—gwan—gwan,
'N' yo' gwan twell yo' fin'
De house whaih he liv', but nary sign
Uv ol' man Possum in or about.
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de sout',
To de sout',
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de sout',
'N' yo' gwan 'n' yo' gwan
'N' yo' gwan—gwan—gwan,
'N' yo' gwan twell yo' fin'
Little ol' Rabbit cuttin' uh shine
Wid uh high silk hat 'n' sho' 'nuf ves'.
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de wes',
To de wes',
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de wes',
'N' yo' gwan 'n' yo' gwan
'N' yo' gwan—gwan—gwan,
'N' yo' gwan twell yo' fin'
Yo' don' got to de place whaih yo' gwine.
De en' ob de road am mammy's bres',
'N' yo' tu'n mouty sof' to yo' res',
To yo' res',
'N' yo' tu'n mouty sof' to yo' res'.

DEY DON' KNOW

Dat ol' Possum in de tree, he is waitin' jes' to see
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Ol' Possum he don' know, he don' know,
Ol' Possum he don' know.

Daih's Brer Rabbit in de patch, knowin' w'en he lif' de latch
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Brer Rabbit he don' know, he don' know,
Brer Rabbit he don' know.

Jay-Bird settin' daih in blue, he's uh cungerin' 'bout it too,
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Ol' Jay-Bird he don' know, he don' know,
Ol' Jay-Bird he don' know.

Sly ol' Red-Fox slippin' by, he'll cal'late wid ha'f an eye
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Brer Red-Fox he don' know, he don' know,
Brer Red-Fox he don' know.

Mr. Gray-Owl say'n' " Who wh-o-o " reck'n he know fuh sho'
Jes' w'at dis little lamb gwine to do,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Ol' Gray-Owl sez " Who wh-o-o ?" sez " Who wh-o-o ?"
Ol' Gray-Owl sez " Who wh-o-o ?"

Yo' ol' Mammy, by de baid, is uh study'n' in huh haid
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Ol' Mammy she don' know, she don' know,
Ol' Mammy she don' know.

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TURKEY IN DECAY

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

THROUGH an arched gateway my Turkish friend led me into a garden —long, narrow, and bright green—within four high white walls. Along the two sides cypresses as motionless as stage trees lifted their slender columns of darker green in vain to reach the height of the slim white minarets of the mosques beyond the walls. At the rear was a fountain in the center of a raised floor of tiles under a roof supported by bare poles. On cushions around the fountain sat a dozen men, members of the dervish order to which these grounds belonged. Most of them were dressed in baggy long trousers and in the peculiar tailed garment sometimes called a "*Stambouli* frock coat." Some wore bright-colored girdles and shirts of golden or silver colored silk—the product of their own city, Brusa, the famous former capital of the Turks. All of them wore fezes.

They rose when we arrived and bowed politely, raising the hand almost from the knee to the temple in the characteristic way of their people. We sat down on cushions also, coffee was passed, and one of the dervishes began to play on a reed instrument like a very long flute. My friend called it simply "the reed." The great brown plain below the hill where Brusa sits quivered under the hot Anatolian sky. There was not enough breeze to move even the little columns of smoke from the cigarettes of the dervishes. We had shade, though, and the cool plashing of the fountain and the wild, liquid burbling of the reed. Somewhere a dove was uttering the sleepy call which Turkish children say is addressed to Joseph, who fell into the well. "*Youssouf djouk*" ("Little Joseph"), the children say the dove says. All these things—the coffee, the cigarettes, the shade, the fountain, the reed, and the bird's call—made what the Turk calls "Keif," which is a state as near to heaven as a man can get without dying.

After half an hour the enchantment was broken by the arrival of a Russian officer, whom the dervishes greeted with enthusiastic politeness. My friend and I left the magic garden, where the reed began again to weave its spell, now coaxingly low, now imperatively shrill. When it had been smothered with distance, as we walked downhill my friend asked:

"Did you notice how cordial all those men were to that Russian officer?"

"Yes, it was very noticeable."

"Well, that is something you Americans and Englishmen and Frenchmen ought to think about. All Turks have the warmest feelings for Russians now."

"What is the reason?" I asked.

"The reason is partly that both Turks and Russians are always sociable people by nature, but this present friendliness arises more from the fact that we and the Russians feel a peculiar bond between us. We both suffer from the injustice of the Allies. You persecute us, who were your enemies, and you persecute the Russians, who fought on your side.

"Let the Entente take care," continued my companion. "We shall know what to do if this oppression of Turkey continues. There is a way out for us, there is a weapon for our retaliation—a weapon you fear. If you continue your oppression of Turkey, you will drive us all to become Bolsheviki."

My companion quickened his steps, turned a corner and stopped before a weather-beaten door, much like the other doors in the white walls which lined the narrow streets we had followed from the garden of the dervishes. This was the house of a friend of my companion. He was a very prominent man in Brusa, and we will call him the Pasha. We found him in his garden with another prominent citizen of Brusa, whom we will call the Bey. The Pasha's house and the Pasha's garden were like the houses and gardens of most of the upper-class residents of Brusa. The house was built around two sides of the garden. Sheds or outhouses hemmed in another side and a wall screened the fourth. At the corner of the door nearest the street entrance was a bubbling spring of water, as clear and cool as the spring in the garden of the dervishes. This water came from an underground river which bursts from the mountain behind Brusa and is directed in pipes to all the gardens in the town.

Upstairs one side of the house was entirely open to the fragrant breezes from the garden. All the rooms were bare except for a very few articles of European furniture—a table, one bed, three or four bureaus, and half a dozen chairs. But every room had a divan built against at least two of its walls, and often against all four. On these the guests of the Pasha who came every evening to smoke and talk sat with their legs under them or sprawled about in all the attitudes of boys at their ease.

That evening we had dinner on the balcony. Invisible women prepared the dishes and placed them at the foot of the stairs, and our host carried them up to the table himself. Ramazan had just ended—Ramazan, the month of fasting, when the true Mohammedan eats nothing from sunrise to sunset; and this meal was a bountiful one. Each course was served in a large bowl. This was placed in the center of the table, and each of us helped himself with his own spoon or fork. Spoons and forks plied back and forth between the bowl and four mouths until the bowl was empty. At once the next bowl would be brought to the table. In rapid succession we accounted for *tchorba*, a thick noodle soup; *yah-ni*, stewed beef; *kabak dolmasse*, stuffed squash; *pilaf*, rice variously spiced and seasoned, which is one of the favorite dishes of Turkey; *kiraz*, cherries; *fassoueya*, string beans; *hoshab*, stewed cherries; and *baklava*, an excellent pastry. All this was washed down with a delicious drink called *uzum sherbeti*, which is made from raisins.

The next day I was taken ill with malaria. The Pasha, the Bey, and my friend, whom we will call the Effendi, heard the news late in the evening. They came at once to my hotel and at midnight drove me to the Pasha's house. I was there a week. I have never seen such hospitality. I was put into the one European bed, the whole house was converted into a hospital, and the neighborhood was scoured for remedies and delicacies believed to be good for malarial patients.

In that week I never saw even the back of the head of my host's wife, nor did I see the face of any woman. Occasionally a female arm would reach through the doorway to put a glass of water or a dish of the sour-milk custard the Turks love on a table just inside the door. Never did the owner of the arm come through the door. In Constantinople Turkish women are beginning to emerge from their historic seclusion. The veil is being worn less and less. But new ideas penetrate slowly into the interior. And men are conservatives in Turkey.

Every evening ten or fifteen of the leading men of the town would come to see the Pasha. They would sit in a ring around the sick stranger, offering all sorts of favors and asking questions about America. I found them what most foreigners who visit Turkey find the Turks to be in private life—kind, courteous, honest, brave, and always ready with a laugh. In fact, most foreigners in Turkey prefer the Turks socially to the other prevailing races there, the Jews, Greeks, Kurds, and Armenians.

From these conversations, which began about ten o'clock and lasted sometimes until four in the morning, I learned a good deal of what the Turk thinks of the present and future of his country.

The Turk is very depressed about the present situation. In so far as the question of food is concerned, a good deal of Turkey is better off than the countries of Central Europe, but finances are disorganized and business pretty much at a standstill. The Turk does not feel that he was beaten in the war. Under the very noses of the British military police, who help to keep order in Constantinople, you can see lusty Turks strutting about wearing the Star of Gallipoli, which was awarded for distinguished service in the defense of the Dardanelles. And small boys sing the praises of the Turkish army in that ballad which begins:

"I came out of the camp and saw the
English vomiting blood."

No, the Turk does not feel that he was beaten. All the onus of defeat he lays on the Germans and Austrians. He will admit that his own judgment was

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poor in siding with the weaker cause in the war, and that is all. He still believes that a Turk is a better soldier than any other man alive.

Moreover, the Turk resents the attitude of the Allies in holding him to any responsibility for fighting against them. Turkey was deluded by the Germans, says the Turk, and ought to be treated as an erring child rather than as a criminal. If the Allies are going to persist in their unjust attitude of sternness, well, the Turk will become a Bolshevik.

Of course this is silly bluff. Turkey will never go in for Bolshevism on a large scale. Bolshevism flourishes especially among industrial populations. Turkey is not an industrial nation. Furthermore, the whole training of the Turk unfits him to be a Bolshevik. What could be more antipathetical to Bolshevism than the Moslem religion, with its insistence on unquestioning obedience to authority?

The Turk is resigned to a considerable dismemberment of the old Turkish Empire. He hopes, however, to save at least the province of Anatolia and the city of Constantinople to be an independent Turkey. Of course he would like to be independent from now on. But he is fairly well resigned to the idea of having a mandatory Power placed over him for a few years, and his resignation comes to him the more easily since he has been allowed to believe that submission to a mandate will mean foreign aid in the rehabilitation of Turkey's finances and the development of commerce, with the advent of an era of prosperity.

Convinced that the defeat of the Germans and their allies was not his fault, the Turk is unrepentant for his past crimes. This unrepentance is augmented by the delay of the Peace Conference. When the armistice was signed, the Turk believed he would soon feel the iron hand. But ten months have passed since the armistice was declared and the Turk has not yet been punished. He is beginning to think he will go scot free. Moreover, he is beginning to think that his old game of playing off one Power against another will work again, and he is taking advantage of all the inevitable little jealousies among the Allies. An example of the sort of petty diplomacy at which the Turk is an adept occurred the other day when the Turks complained to Great Britain and France after Rear-Admiral Bristol, commanding the American naval forces in Turkish waters, had warned the Turks that massacres must cease. Rear-Admiral Bristol's warning was informal, but the Turks hoped to arouse indignation among British and French authorities by making it appear that the American Commissioner had overstepped his powers.

Signs of general disorganization are seen on every hand in Turkey to-day. Recently bandits captured a British officer and five Indian soldiers guarding a caravan between Marsovan, which has an American Protestant College, and Samsoon, on the Black Sea coast. It is decidedly risky for a foreigner to travel in most parts of the interior. Government officials are reported to be co-operating with agents of the Committee of Union and Progress in organizing bands of brigands for political purposes and supplying them with arms and ammunition. Perhaps the largest and worst of these bands is that headed by Mustapha Kemel Pasha, who is said to have a staff of forty-two Turkish officers.

Reports of new atrocites against Greeks and Armenians are coming in. The occupation of Smyrna by the Greeks has aroused the temper of the Turks to fighting pitch, and there have been many clashes between the two nationalities.

Judging by the reports of reliable Americans who were on the spot, the atrocities committed by the Turks during the war were horrible. Dr. George E. White, President of Anatolia College, at Marsovan, reports to the American Government that in five years the number of Armenians in his region has been reduced by violence or deportation from fourteen thousand to two thousand. Most of the survivors are women and children. The romantic Argonaut coast, from Sinope, the birthplace of Diogenes, to Cape Jason, was formerly populated mainly by Greeks. Thousands of these have been killed or deported by the Turks, and the few who are straggling back now find only ruined homes awaiting them. In Samsoon alone there were before the war two hundred and fifty thousand Greeks. Between one hundred and twenty-five thousand and one hundred and fifty thousand of these were deported by the Turks, and about seventy-five thousand were killed.

It makes an American proud to see how his country is saving the lives of thousands of people almost every day in Asia Minor. The American Commission for Relief in the Near East is feeding half a million people in the Caucasus region alone, not to mention many thousands farther west. It is spending a million and a half dollars a month, and, among other items, is distributing five thousand tons of flour a month. It plans to carry on this work of first aid for about a year. But it hopes to keep in operation for ten or twelve years a number of orphanages which it has opened.

The extent of misery among children in Turkey is frightful. There are many waifs who are the offspring of Armenian mothers and Turkish fathers. In Urfa alone I was told that there are several thousand Armenian girls homeless after being released from Turkish harems. Most of them are mothers or about to become such.

Ordinarily the Armenians are settled farmers or traders, while the Kurds, who persecute them at the instigation of the Turkish Government, are pastoral nomads. But at present the Armenians are nomads too, for most of them are homeless. They are living like an army on the road. All the way from the Caucasus to Adana, Aleppo, and Jerusalem you find them on the byways, and Bagdad is full of them. They are too tired to think about vengeance. All they want is to get the scattered survivors of their families together again and to build up as well as they can their ruined homes.

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the knotty Armenian-Turkish question. Suffice it to say there are two sides to this question. No fair-minded man will defend the massacres of Armenians by Turks, but neither will he defend such atrocities as Armenians sometimes commit against Turks when they get the upper hand.

No doubt there are political and social reasons for the Turk's dislike of the Armenian, but the main cause of this animosity is economic. The Turk hates the Armenian for the same reason that the Russian hates the Jew. The Armenian is more clever than the Turk, and in trade he is certainly more industrious. The Turk cares little for commercial life. A few Armenians go into a Turkish town and soon have most of the business in their hands. It is easier for the Turks to kill them and confiscate their wealth than to outdo the Armenians by using the latter's own business methods.

It must be said for the Turk that the Armenian's business methods are often questionable. There is a proverb in this connection which contains a good deal of truth. The saying goes: "The Armenian is never legally wrong and never morally right."

The attitude of American missionaries toward the Armenians is very instructive. After deploring the cruelty of Turks to Armenians, your missionary host will say: "Be careful not to leave your watch or money about your room when you go out—our servants are Armenians."

And again, after telling you a long narrative of Armenian suffering at the hands of the Turks which your missionary friend has heard from an Armenian, your friend will say—apropos of some domestic report that his Armenian servant has made to him—"Of course you can never believe anything an Armenian says."

Whatever the decisions of the Peace Conference in regard to Turkey may be, they ought to be based on a recognition of the following facts, which have been evident to nearly every investigator the Allies have sent to Turkey:

First, the Armenians are not yet capable of self-government.

Second, the Turks are not now capable of self-government, much less capable of governing other races.

Third, whatever arrangement is reached, it ought to be one which will prevent the Turks from bullying other peoples. And, equally important, it ought to be a settlement which will give no other people the power to bully the Turks.

Mr. Mason's next article will report the opinions of Allied experts on the ground as to the best arrangement which can be made for the disposition and control of the various elements in what was formerly the Turkish Empire. THE EDITORS.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HOPI-LAND

ANOTHER PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

BY NATALIE CURTIS

WE camped in the little peach orchard at the foot of the Walpi mesa. For weeks we had been wandering, roofless and free, over the sun-scorched deserts of the Navajo Indians. At the close of each day we spread our blankets amid the tinted shadows that welcomed with an unbelievable wealth of color the swift-footed night, that crept so quickly over the sands when once Johano-aï, the Sun God, had carried the blazing sun disk beyond the mountains to his lodge in the west—a lodge "built all of gems and shining shells" (so say the Navajo songs), whose glow we beheld on the farther side of the mountain-tops.

They were wonderful weeks, those weeks under the Arizona skies, for in them we quite lost the trail of the twentieth century and of our materialistic and commercial civilization. We seemed here a part of ancient America and of a world to which the European was but a newcomer; for we lived among those whose home this land had been for probably thousands upon thousands of years and whose life and thought seemed but a human expression of the land itself. A mythology as beautiful as that of the Greeks—certainly less tinged with bloody tragedy—unfolded about us in sky, mountains, storm, and rainbow, and through it moved the living myth-makers, the dark-skinned first Americans, who tended their herds and flocks with song, and for whom the whole nature world was quickened with indwelling spirits and with symbolic presences. We had seen the gentle Female-Rain fall in soft, life-giving showers on thirsting corn plants struggling in an arid land; we had caught the flash of bright javelins as the Lightning-Youths practiced afar at the world's edge, "learning to wield the lightning and to drive the rain;" we had listened to the onrushing approach of the Male-Rain, hastening to hurl a torrent of water from a low-hanging thunder cloud. And we had gazed in wonder at the great double rainbow arching from horizon to horizon, circling the dwelling-place of gods and giving speed to the feet of the Divine—the rainbow, whose path leads beyond the mountains and amid which the blest, those perfect as when first the world was made, may sit down in "life unending and the peace that never passeth."

For us the sordid bargaining of our narrowed city lives, the fret and whirl of petty currents that bear us so far from our inner goal—all were forgotten in that enchanted land, guarded by the Four Sacred Mountains from which come to the Navajo "power, strength, and wisdom." Even the wrinkles and crow's-feet that lined our white faces "as with the tracks of hunted animals" (so say the Indians) were burned away by the Sun God, whose "turquoise horse," pastured in the blue sky, "neighed so joyously." In the silence of the desert and the sweep of pure winds our souls were washed clean, till we too seemed true children of the Earth-Mother and the Sky-Father.[1]

"And is there no one," I thought to myself as from my nest of blankets at the foot of the Hopi mesa I looked up through the peach trees at the low-hanging desert stars—"is there no one in authority who can realize before it is too late what the native life of America still holds of worth and beauty? No one who can stem the tide of Anglo-Saxon iconoclasm that would sweep the Hopi Indian villages from their ancient sites on the mesa-tops onto the arid sands below, interfere with all the thoughts and customs of the people, and prohibit the natural expression of that thought in the art of the race—in music, poetic ritual, and dramatic dance? How much longer will the American people go to Europe for inspiration and destroy the art that is at their own door?" My thoughts were the more keenly focused because our weeks of desert travel had been but the preamble, as it were, to the climax of our experience—the week's encampment among the Hopi Indian villages for the witnessing of the two great dance dramas—the Snake and Flute Ceremonials. In one sense, this was not an opportune year for an intimate study of the Snake Ceremony, for all Arizona had heard of the approaching visit of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt with his sons Archie and Quentin. In consequence, there would be such crowds of white people as no Hopi mesa had probably ever before beheld. But to me the great ex-President's coming had more than a passing significance. Theodore Roosevelt was at that time probably the one public man whose word in behalf of the Indians would be really heard and heeded by the rank and file of the American people. And now he was coming to Hopi-Land after a long horseback trip through the Navajo deserts; and I knew that his love of the open and his sympathy with all forms of primitive life would enable him to understand, as could no city-bred white man, the transition period through which were passing these children of an ancient race to whom the task of adjustment to a modern civilization with which they had nothing in common was as difficult as it was painful.

The news, "Roosevelt is coming," seemed to flash across the desert in all directions. It tingled in our ears with the fresh arrival of every white visitor speeding in from the nearest railway station to combine a glimpse of the great ex-President with the sight of the Hopi ceremony. It shook us out of our desert dream and made us realize that we too were white people and that our sun-faded garments were no credit to civilization. Weeks in the Arizona desert do indeed restore one to an atavistic, primitive state in outward appearance as in inner peace of mind. I was travel-stained from head to foot, and on the front of my khaki riding-skirt flared with placid disregard of all conventions a large round circle of black axle-grease, where the camp wagon had branded me for my affront of trying to climb in over the wheel. My companions called the round stain an "Indian sun symbol," and it was not comforting to hear them jeer that nothing but a bath of gasoline could ever make me clean again.

The morning after our first night under the peach trees, as we sat about the camp-fire with our tin cups of coffee, I was told: "And you expect to talk with Colonel Roosevelt when he arrives this afternoon! He wouldn't touch you with tongs, even though you are old friends! Don't you know that hundreds of white people will stare at you if they see you with him? You can't do anything with that riding-skirt but burn it!"

I thought of the Irishman who, on leaving for America, was told that he must take a trunk to put his clothes in, and answered: "And me go naked?" To burn any of my camp-apparel would raise the Irishman's question. I decided to achieve the bath of gasoline!

I ran across the sand-hills to the little schoolhouse to which the Hopi children trail down from the mesa-top to be taught in the ways of the white man. All the white employees of the Government school were busy with sapolio and scrubbing-brushes—so busy that they did not even look up from their work as they said, "Sorry, we can't bother about anything now. We're cleaning up for Roosevelt." "But so am I," I cried; yet they only went on scrubbing. So I ran to the school-teacher's house, to witness the same ardent "clean up" in progress and to be met with the same preoccupation. At last I spied a silent and empty automobile. A man on horseback seemed to be the owner. "I am going to meet Colonel Roosevelt," he said; "too busy to help you now. You can have as much gasoline as you like if you get it for yourself." I fetched a handleless cup from the school-house (the teacher had said, "You can have any cup you want if you won't bother me to get it for you now; I am getting ready for Roosevelt"), but I gazed at the automobile in despair. I was as ignorant of its inner workings as an Indian. Presently a handsome and deep-tanned young cowboy in blue overalls passed me, leading some horses.

"I wonder if you could get me some gasoline from this car?" I called. "I am allowed to have it. You see," I continued, confidentially, "we are all trying to clean

[1] The imagery quoted is from Indian song-poems.

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up in honor of Colonel Roosevelt—he is expected to-day some time." The young man smiled, and a few minutes later he lay in utter chivalry under the car, milking gasoline into my cup. I thanked him warmly and sped away. I was glad to see that he was just as weather-stained as I.

As I climbed the crest of one of the sandhills I stopped short, open-mouthed in wonder. A stalwart figure on a cow pony was riding up the hill, alone and unattended; without any flourish of trumpets, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt had arrived! His sunburned face was partly shaded by a big Stetson hat, a red handkerchief fluttered at his throat, and he too looked as though gasoline might improve his khakis. I waved my sombrero and cried, "Hail to the chief!" No one had expected the great guest so soon, but it was like him to be ahead of the rest of the world.

He leaned from the saddle and we shook hands warmly. "This is capital!" he exclaimed. "But don't spill my gasoline," I cried. "Every one in Hopi-Land is trying to clean up for you!" He laughed heartily. "You must meet my boy," he said, and called loudly, "Archie!"—and at this the knight in overalls appeared!

"We have met to-day before," he said, with a smile, and I glanced significantly at my cup. It was nearly empty. The desert sun was drinking up all my efforts, but I did not care; this curious little episode had given me the opportunity to welcome the famous visitor.

Presently we were joined by Father Douglas, a canon of the Cathedral at Fond du Lac, who was the camp-leader of our party and one of the most experienced outdoor men in America.

The Colonel turned to his son. "Now I really want to have some long talks with these people about these Hopi Indians; they have studied them. See that time is arranged in my schedule. You see," he said to us, "I am writing some articles about my Arizona travels for The Outlook, and I want them to be full of information. I am moving very rapidly, because I am going to South America shortly, and I can stay here only a very few days, so the sooner we talk the better. You don't know," he added to me, confidentially, when his son had gone back to his horses—"you don't know how my boys take care of me! It is really touching the way in which they arrange all the details of my trip and leave me free to see things and to write. They rode ahead to-day so that everything should be ready when I came in."

Indeed, there could be no finer tribute to a man who in one sense belonged to the whole American people than the devotion of his sons and the unity, purity, and strength of the family affection that characterized the private life of Theodore Roosevelt.

The next day found us closeted with the Colonel at his quarters in the little schoolhouse. This was the opportunity for which I had prayed under the peach trees. We freely told him of our hope that he would lend the power of his pen to an appeal for the salvation of something of the native spirit of the aboriginal race—before it should be too late.

"You know that I am immensely interested in just this matter," he declared, with characteristic emphasis. "I want to write an article here that will be something more than a description of personal experience. Tell me what I ought to see. I always like to find students who have made a life study of certain subjects, and then I take my information from these sources. And I am glad to put forward ideas, for somehow people *do* listen to me. I have at least the faculty of making myself heard!"

Colonel Roosevelt's many-sided and prolific culture was partly due to just this fact, that with a certain direct simplicity and impersonality he was always willing to absorb from students in all walks of life. And the accuracy of his memory gave him an astonishing command of data in subjects that no one would imagine he could know so much about without years of study.

We dwelt with the Colonel upon the historic and cultural value of the ancient Indian towns, which, had they been in Europe, would doubtless have been preserved unchanged as living records of successful communistic forms of government, whose social and ceremonial life offered a study of the greatest possible importance to our knowledge of mankind as a whole. And we asked: What right have we in "free America" to stretch forth an autocratic hand arbitrarily to change the village life of this ancient and peaceful folk?

We spoke of the characteristic architecture of the pueblos, by many centuries the oldest inhabited towns in America, whose flat-roofed, terraced houses are not only in utter harmony with natural surroundings, but constitute, from a practical standpoint, the most successful type of building for desert cities. High above the sands, the flat roof forms a porch for the open-air Indian, whereon at certain seasons he works, rests, receives his guests, eats, and sleeps. In North Africa, in Spain, in Asia Minor, where climatic conditions are similar to those in Hopi-Land, the same flat roof may be found. But we think we know better! In a land of burning sun, the slanting hot tin roofs of the Government dwellings, clinging to an inherited architecture of rain-soaked central Europe, cut their incongruous outline against a rainless sky, impotent in their longing to shed water! And the sun streamed into their big European windows, inviting myriads of flies, and forming a contrast indeed to the shadowed cool of the thick-walled Indian houses, whose open fireplaces insured at all seasons wholesome ventilation, in spite of high, narrow windows. And yet the white man's unpractical transplanted house, brought from far other climes, is urged upon the Indians as "civilized." With no eye to either beauty or fitness, our arbitrary standards (rarely, in the Indians' case, put to the test of experimentation first) are forced upon a people who through centuries of experience have learned how to conquer conditions foreign to us. Improvements there might certainly be in the Indian's manner of life, but why not along those lines which nature has taught as most appropriate?

And this discussion brought us to the root of the whole matter. On the part of those sent out to teach the Indians there has never been any systematic study, first, of the Indians themselves, of the types of human culture that they represent, and of the ideas which they have evolved; second, of the widely varying conditions, climatic and industrial, of Indian reservations; and, third, of the kinds of education best fitted to the needs of the different tribes in different localities. And until some great foundation like the Carnegie, Sage, or Rockefeller shall endow funds for a study of this kind, and until the whole matter of white-man control of Indians can be lifted out of politics, our efforts at Indian education are bound to be like the rain-shedding roofs in the desert—misfits in spirit as in fact. We agreed with the Colonel that "there is nothing finer than the Christian religion," but he agreed with us that if we would build true civilization among a people different from ourselves there must first be an interchange of ideas between the two races.

Next day I rode over to the village of Oraibi, an Indian town whose site is at least a thousand years old; it is now crumbling into ruin through a division of its inhabitants over the question of sending their children to Government schools. Here we witnessed a part of the Flute Ceremony, a dramatized invocation of water for the springs, wherein the performers wore symbols of the sun, the rainbow, and the blossoming earth. It was one of the most poetic of the Indian rituals, contrasting in its lyric beauty with the dramatic intensity of the Snake Ceremony.

Meanwhile Father Douglas, who had remained at Walpi, took Colonel Roosevelt through the villages of the Walpi mesa and brought him to the house of Nampéyo, probably the best living Indian potter and surely one of the great artists of America. There the Colonel saw spread before him an art that antedates the coming of the white man by thousands of years, and he exclaimed in wonder at the wealth of creative imagination and at the skill of eye and hand that had wrought these bowls, urns, and jars with such symmetry and beauty of design. Though Nampéyo's work is found in great collections and in museums, few know the Indian artist who, now nearly blind, is passing on the tradition of her matchless craft to her daughter.

Nampéyo received the Colonel with all the simple dignity of the Indian hostess, murmuring with low laughter and polite pleasure at his praise of her work, and adding to the great jar that he had bought another one, as a gift to him who had been "the Great White Father in Washington."

On the morning of the Snake Dance we urged each other awake in our camp

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

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PERSHING SALUTES AMERICA!

General Pershing's arrival at New York was signalized by a great welcome which will no doubt be repeated wherever he is seen in the country whose fame he has so worthily maintained during the Great War

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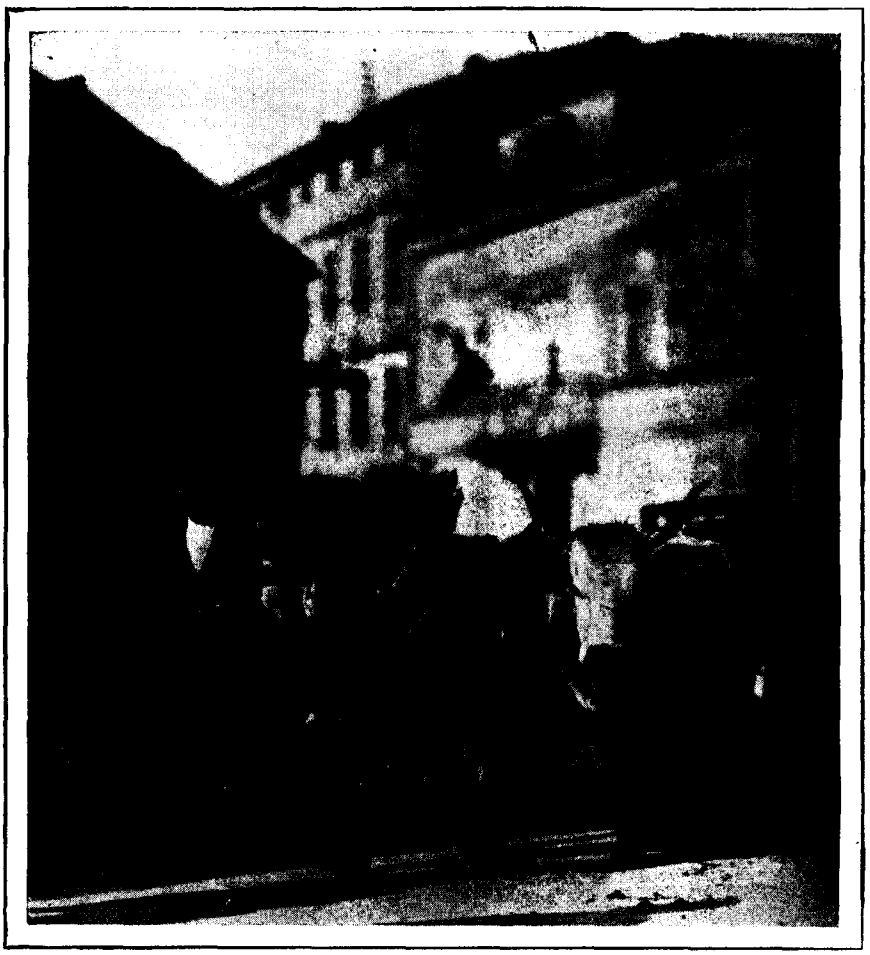
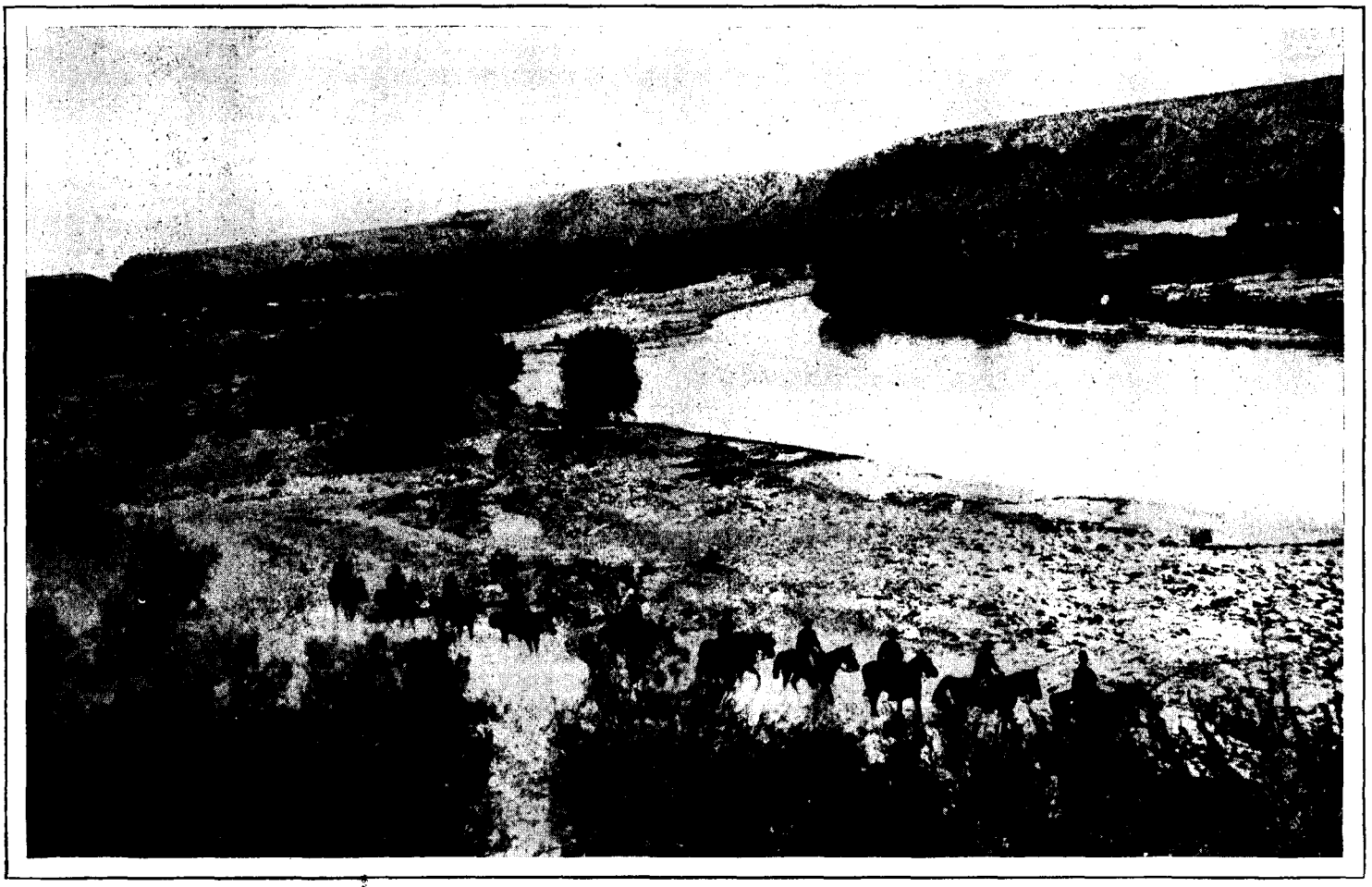


Photograph by Willard Price,
War Emergency and Reconstruction
Department Methodist Episcopal Church

IN THE STREETS OF FIUME, THE "DEBATABLE GROUND" OF THE ITALIANS AND JUGO-SLAVS



(C) International Film Service

UNITED STATES TROOPERS HUNTING BANDITS IN MEXICO

The above picture, as received, bears this caption: "Troopers of the Eighth U. S. Cavalry on Mexican soil after crossing the Rio Grande on the chase after the Mexican bandits who recently captured two U. S. aviators and held them for ransom"

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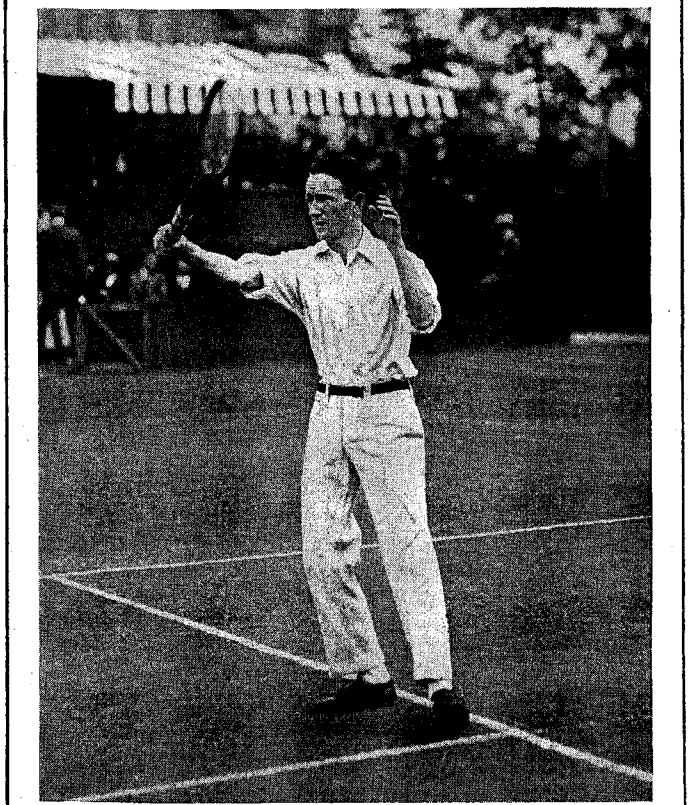
LIEUTENANT B. W. MAYNARD, WHO MADE THE BEST TIME IN THE NEW YORK-TORONTO AERO RACE

Lieutenant Maynard's flying time was 465¼ minutes for the round trip, an average of nearly 134 miles an hour for the 1,042 miles. He was a theological student in North Carolina before the war, and expects soon to take up his studies again



Edwin Levick

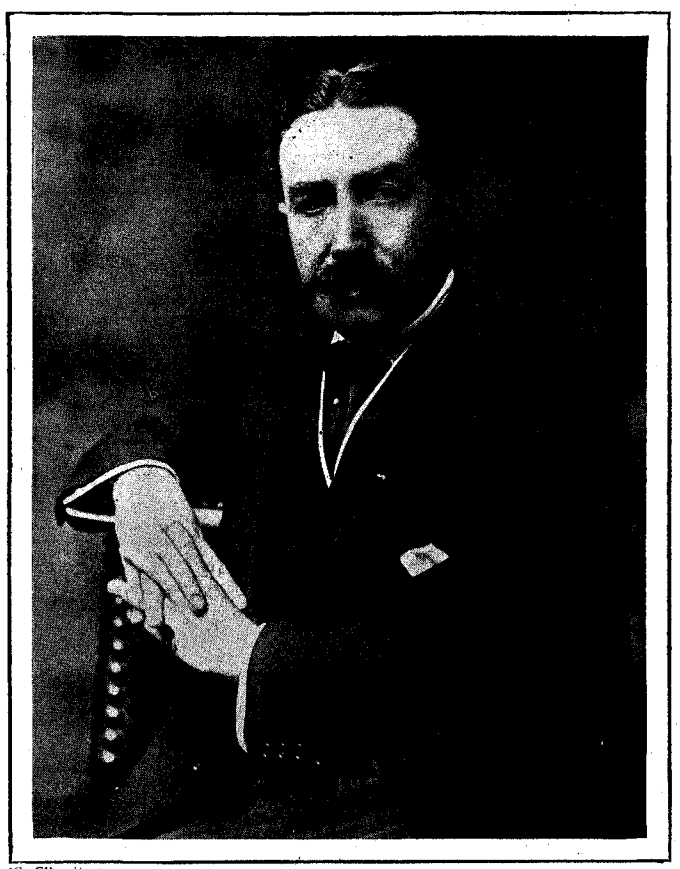
WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON, WINNER OF THE NATIONAL LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

Mr. Johnston is a Californian, and this is the second time he has carried off the highest lawn tennis honors for his State. His victory this year gives him world supremacy, for he had already defeated Patterson, of Australia, who holds the British championship

(C) Underwood & Underwood

THE PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA AND HIS WIFE VISIT THIS COUNTRY

President-elect C. D. B. King, of the Republic of Liberia, with his wife, is now in this country. He attended the Peace Conference before coming to the United States



(C) Clinedinst

EMILE DE CARTIER DE MARCHIENNE, THE FIRST BELGIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

The Belgian Legation has now become an Embassy, and the former Minister is now on his way from Brussels to assume his Ambassadorial rank at Washington

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while the "curtain of the dark" still hung in the sky. For the Colonel had asked us to stop for him just before sunrise and take him to the mesa-top, as we had told him that one of the most interesting features of the entire nine days' ceremonial was the foot-race of Hopi runners at the coming of the "yellow line," as the Hopis call the dawn.

The stars were still alight when we left our camp-fire, but we paused a moment to fill a bottle with hot coffee for the Colonel. When we reached the schoolhouse, the Colonel's room was empty. "One must indeed get up early to be abreast of Theodore Roosevelt," we told each other, rather shamefacedly.

Now to climb the Walpi trail, a steep six hundred feet, even on horseback, is no pleasant task before daylight (and breakfast!). But when we scrambled on foot to the summit, tired and breathless, there stood the Colonel, strong and secure, among the topmost rocks of the Hopi buttes, silhouetted against the "yellow line." The little incident was characteristic of his natural drive of energy, his unfailing promptitude, and his inborn quality of leadership. "After all," we said to him in apology, somewhat comforted by his enjoyment of our belated coffee, "you are always before other people, anyway!"

The Indians had all heard of his coming, and as the Hopi runners sped at top speed, lithe and swift, up that perpendicular trail, I thought that the hearty handclapping of the ex-"White Chief" added to the pride of the winner as he leaped lightly past the Colonel to the goal.

Then the people began to stream up the trail. They came on foot, in wagons, and on horseback, and from the mesa-top we watched the automobiles crawling over the sand like an eruption of ugly and alien beetles. Such a heterogeneous crowd as flocked from all directions to watch the Colonel watch the Indians! The rapid fire of kodaks snapping the ex-President accompanied us as we walked through the village, and I don't know how many times the Colonel was stopped for autographs, nor how many eager birds of prey who represented women's clubs somewhere in odd corners of the continent swooped down upon him to ask if he remembered them. Of course he did—he remembered them all, and he made countless people happy forever after by the cordiality of his hand-shake.

Never before had the Hopi housetops sustained such masses of white humanity. We feared that the roofs would fall in! We also feared that the somber and barbaric drama of the Snake Dance would be interrupted by white chatter and laughter. But when up from the sunken *kiva* the bronzed form of the Asperger stepped from the ladder and stood, bowl in hand, like some vision of fertility, aloof and reverent, wreathed with green and girdled with white, there was a hush. We lost not a note of the first faint-heard tones of the song of the Antelope Priests—hummed rather than sung—a song that seemed to rise from the depths of the germinating earth, making the listener's attention leap to a suspension of interest through its effect of immeasurable distance. And in silence we watched the graceful, sinewy Asperger tread the rock path at the mesa's edge with the dignity of some ancient god, leading the procession of Antelope Priests and scattering the sacred waters. Nor was there a murmur when the Snake Priests, all black and orange (as dramatic in coloring as in movement), filed into the dance plaza, supernatural and grandly terrible, like living symbols of that thunder and lightning for which the Hopis pray.

But the credit for silence was not altogether due to the receptive intuition of that great crowd. In a little preliminary speech one of the Government authorities (instigated by our party) reminded the white visitors that they were guests of the Indians, and they were therefore asked to treat the hospitality of their hosts with courtesy and to show the same respect to the native prayer that they would to a prayer of their own people. Probably many thus learned for the first time that the nine days' ceremonial, of which the dance on the open plaza was the final act, was a historic tribal invocation imploring that flooding of the fields which in arid Arizona can alone bring fertility to the crops of the peaceful Hopi villagers.

The Colonel had witnessed, as have few white men, the more intimate ceremony of the washing of the snakes by the Hopi priests in the *kiva*, the underground council chamber. He had seen with what entire fearlessness and astonishing ease the Indians handled the reptiles. Now he was to behold each "snake-brother," as the Indians called the snakes, "dance" in a ceremonial invocation with his human brother, the Snake Priest, who held the snake in his mouth so that man and snake seemed one. And after each snake, plucked at random from a receptacle held in a shrine of cottonwood boughs, was thus "danced" around the plaza it was dropped to the ground, to be picked up by the Antelope priests, who, at the close of the ceremony, held some half dozen snakes in each hand.

The performers then dashed down the mesa, snakes in hand, to scatter these reptilian symbols of lightning and messengers of rain to the "Four-World-Points," there to speed the prayer. And always at the close of the Snake Dance—so say those white people who have lived long in Hopi-Land—the heavens darken, the skies become black with clouds and orange with lightning like the Snake Dancers, and a swift torrent of rain proves anew to the reverent and faithful Hopis the power of their ancient dramatic ritual. Said an observer: "They pray as earnestly as any white man, even if they do it in a different way. Why shouldn't their prayers be answered?"

The very next day the Colonel summoned us to hear him read aloud his article. With characteristic speed he had already finished it, and his achievement seemed to me almost superhuman. He had been sightseeing steadily ever since he had arrived at the close of a long, hard horseback trip through the Navajo desert—and this in August, and at an altitude of seven thousand feet! He had no secretary, so that dictation was impossible, and every word of his article was laboriously penciled by hand. How and when had he found the time?

As he read we discussed different points of his paper, and I was amazed at the electric snap with which the Colonel would grasp a suggestion and without a moment's hesitation put it into a written form far clearer and more succinct than the suggester could have supplied. Before the words were off one's lips he would say, "I agree, I have it!"

When he had finished reading, he turned to us and said, with hearty and engaging frankness: "Now you two people have studied these Indians for years; perhaps you think it rather superficial of me to be here three days and then write an article about them. But if I don't write the article now, I never will, because my life is too full, and I have to finish each episode of it, as far as possible, as I go. Every word of this article has got to be done *to-day*, for to-morrow I shall reach Ganado,[1] and there I shall find a pile of mail a foot high; and after that I leave for the East. There I must prepare for my South American trip.[2] You may not believe it, but all the speeches I am to make in South America must be written down before I leave this country. When I get to South America, I shall be met by committees and driven about and invited to receptions and dinners, with no time to myself. So everything must be ready before I get there, though of course I shall make additions and extemporaneous changes as I deliver the addresses; I can never afford to be in arrears. [More than once I heard him say this.] So this Indian article must be ready to mail to The Outlook when I reach Ganado. I hope the article will do some good. You see," he added, courteously and kindly, "I have chosen my sources of information. I saw you first, learned what to see, saw for myself, then wrote."

We remarked on the order and precision, and, above all, on the executive quality of Colonel Roosevelt's mind, charged with such dynamic energy.

"I like the Strenuous Life, you know," he said, with a smile, "and I am going to South America now because I very much want to make that exploring trip and I *don't* want to miss that experience. Now, as I figure it" (order and precision again), "I have only about six more years of the strenuous life before me. I am nearly fifty-five, so I must do now those things that require physical endurance. I cannot put them off. For I suppose that after sixty it won't be well for me to tax my resistance in the same way."

Six more years! When I read the

[1] A trading post.

[2] Colonel Roosevelt left that autumn for a lecturing tour in South America, followed by an exploring trip.

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notice of the Colonel's death, I thought of this unconscious measuring of his days. For it was six years since he had thus forecast the length of his strenuous activities. Though his going was untimely and tore a gap in American life that no other personality can fill, yet it seemed characteristic. Decrepitude and age were not for him, whose mind and body so loved hard work and hard play. An enfeebled Roosevelt, even physically, was unthinkable.

And so he will remain in our minds a powerful figure vibrant with life to the end, even as we saw him on the Hopi buttes at dawn—up and on the mountain-tops before the world was half awake. Yet he had a curiously practical type of mind. His was not the vision of the dreamer so much as the vision of the doer, who so keenly saw things as they were that the foretelling of the logical sequence of events from facts at hand was inevitable to his systematic mind. We did not agree with all his findings in regard to the Indian problem, nor he with ours. But my prayer under the peach trees had been answered. For Theodore Roosevelt had an appreciation of historic and cultural values, of literature and art, beyond what the public usually credited him with. And his prophetic practicality saw what the American Indian might mean to our Nation—saw it and uttered it. In the death of him who had been so worthy a "Great Father in Washington" the Indians lost a friend who, had he not been pressed by other tasks of hourly need and world magnitude, would have continued to help them as private citizen, even as he had helped them while President—with actual deeds, not broken promises.

NOTE:—The article by Theodore Roosevelt alluded to in this paper was entitled "The Hopi Indian Snake Dance," and was published in The Outlook of October 13, 1913.

THE GOVERNMENT SURPRISES THE COLLEGES

BY JOHN R. COLTER

PERHAPS you remember that last September, when we were gathering our fullest forces to strike a final blow at Germany, the War Department stepped up to the registrar's desk of nearly six hundred of our colleges and matriculated for a couple of hundred thousand young men. Not upon assurance of exactly drawn contract, but merely upon the verbal "Go ahead!" of the Government, our colleges patriotically plunged into the emergency work by spending (often borrowing) millions of dollars in new buildings, barracks, increased instruction-staffs, text-books, and a score of other things. Later a hasty form of contract, loosely drawn to allow for possible changes in costs, was agreed to between the Government and nearly seven hundred institutions, and monthly payments were begun. But a week after the armistice the Student Army Training Corps was ordered demobilized; by Christmas the order was carried out and Government contracts were abruptly suspended. Would the average citizen blame the college presidents and trustees for getting frightened? For who ever heard of a Government contract being settled within years and years, and, besides, didn't a Washington cancellation always mean a big loss?

The Government's surprise party to those responsible for the higher learning is one of the most refreshing and unusual events of the war's aftermath. Despite the earlier errors of the S. A. T. C., due in a large measure to misunderstandings, it is certain that the colleges' last remembrance of it is pleasant. The consensus of opinion of collegiate executives, as revealed in letters to the Committee on Education and Special Training, which represented the War Department, is that the Government's settlement of contracts not only was just, even generous, but that its accomplishment within three months was a phenomenal piece of business management.

Difficult as it may be for the public to believe, it is nevertheless true that one set of Government obligations has actually been met with real speed and a laudable lack of petty haggling. The way the miracle happened is interesting.

When the armistice made unnecessary the continuance of the S. A. T. C., the commitments on the part of the six hundred and eighty-odd institutions had run into the millions, a good deal of it borrowed. To train the men as the War Department had asked was a task requiring great outlays in mess-halls, barracks, foodstuffs, and means of instruction. One college had laid in $20,000 worth of canned goods. A dollar a day per student for housing and subsistence and the regular tuition charge figured to a daily basis—these the War Department contracted to pay until a more accurately drawn contract could be arrived at. July 1, 1919; was the limit of the temporary contract. The way the colleges threw themselves into this war work was inspiring; they got ready with an alacrity worthy of "big business." But when they had trained the Corps only eighty-two days, the machinery was no longer required.

The alarm over the financial situation in collegiate circles was recognized by an order from the Secretary of War authorizing "equitable adjustments" with all institutions. This phrase, presumably, has been ordered by Government heads since time immemorial—with well-known results. But the Business Department of the Committee on Education and Special Training, under the direction of E. K. Hall, of New York, took it literally. Conceivably it would have been within the province of Governmental reputation to consume leisurely the six hundred and eighty-six separate claims and settle the last one somewhere in the early 1950's—witness Civil War claims settled within the year. Instead, the Committee divided the country into twelve districts, organized in each a fully equipped claim-settling machinery headed by a district business manager and an accountant to specialize on the district's college claims, and proceeded full blast.

Consider that educational institutions, as a rule, are not models of business efficiency and that some of them know cost-accounting not at all, and you will understand why it is not regarded as a sinecure to satisfy their claims for what they stood to lose by a suspension of the Government contract. For reimbursement for cost incurred was the basis of the settlement, the whole theory of the S. A. T. C. contract being that the colleges would contribute their services and facilities without profit. By March 15 a third of the claims had been presented, and payment begun at once. By April, 100 had been paid; by May, 300; by June 6, practically every one of the six hundred odd—each having been legally, accurately, fairly, and, what is important, *personally* adjusted by authorized representatives of the Committee. Nearly ten million dollars was paid out by the War Department to keep faith with the colleges, and it is fair to say that none of them is a loser for its splendid co-operation in the emergency.

"It is gratifying that the outcome of this co-operative undertaking," says Chancellor Brown, "leaves a situation of such mutual confidence and good will between the War Department and New York University."

"The prompt and businesslike manner of settlement has pleased the University of Chicago," is the comment of Harry Pratt Judson; while President Faunce quotes Brown University as regarding the Government's settlement "not only just but liberal;" and Rush Rhees, President of Rochester, believes the treatment of the colleges as so "expeditious and reasonable as to be worthy of congratulation." Scores of similar testimonials, the consistent keynote of which is satisfaction and appreciation of the Government's regard for the colleges, indicate a happy termination of an important piece of war work. It is a fine thing, a significant thing, that it turned out this way, not only because the halls of learning are happier when they are saying, "*Mirabile dictu!*" instead of "*Horribile visu!*;" but because it may pave the way to a closer relation between the Federal Government and the colleges—something which, let us hope, it shall not take another war to effect.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

MR. DOOLEY RETURNS[1]

MR. DOOLEY, to borrow the introductory remarks of ninety-nine toastmasters out of a hundred, "needs no introduction." Hence, after the fashion of these same toastmasters, the reviewer has proceeded to prepare one for this, the latest collection of Mr. Dooley's sage comments upon the world and his wife.

Mr. Dooley occupies as prominent and well deserved a place in American literature as Hosea Biglow, nor is he any the less a native American because he happens to have been "born" in Ireland, which is a Hibernicism that may be pardoned in the discussion of such a character as Mr. Dooley. He is an American for all his brogue, for his humor is of the kind that Americans have delighted to honor these many generations. Salted with philosophy and satire, Gargantuan in mirth, kindly when most piercingly keen, cutting when most innocent of outward evidence of its shrewd appraisals, the wit of this great protagonist of a once honored and prosperous profession is as racily American as that of any native son of New England or of the great valley which gave to us the genius of Mark Twain.

Mr. Dunne, creator of this character which has so fixed itself upon our minds that we can think of him only as an original spirit speaking to us in his own person and by his own proper authority, has been more fortunate than most authors whose children have assumed a living personality of their own. For Mr. Dooley, despite the passage of years, has preserved his health and vigor to a most unusual extent. We met him first before the war (Spanish), and we find him again a survivor of the world war who has lost nothing of his earlier pungency and vitality. Probably we shall always think most often of the Mr. Dooley of "Peace and War," but the recalling of earlier memories does not in any way detract from our appreciation of the Mr. Dooley who at the latest report was still presiding over his college of human nature in the academic shades of Archy Road.

At least we have yet to learn that Mr. Dooley has closed up his saloon before the onrushing tide of prohibition. The present volume fails to record the effect of the edict of July 1 upon the profession which Mr. Dooley has so long honored with his association. It does tell us, however, of the great change which Mr. Dooley has seen in the attitude of public opinion towards the use of a thing which inebriates while it cheers:

> "Sure, it's a sthrange change has come over our pollyticks since I was captain iv me precinct. We ar-re fallen, as Hogan says, on iffiminate days. Th' hardy an' gloryous peeryod in th' histhry iv th' republic has passed, an' th' times whin Hinnery Clay an' Dan'l Webster wud sit f'r hours pushin' th' scuttle to an' fro acrost th' table has gone to return no more. Booze an' iloquence has both passed out iv our public life. No longer is th' gr-reat statesman carried to th' platform be loving hands an' lashed to th' railin' where him an' King Alcohol sings a duet on th' splindors iv th' blue sky an' th' onfadin' glories iv th' flag, but afther atin' a pepsin tablet an' sippin' a glass iv light gray limonade he reads to th' assimbled multitchood th' financial repoort iv th' Stannard Ile comp'ny f'r th' physical year endin' June first.
>
> "Mind ye, all this was befure my time. In my day I niver knew a gr-reat statesman that dhrank, or if he did he niver landed anny job betther thin clerk in th' weather office. But as Hogan says Shakspeare says, they pretinded a vice if they had it not. A pollytician was a baten man if th' story wint around that he was sildom seen dhrunk in public. His aim was to create an imprissyon that he was a gay fellow, a joyval toss pot, that thought nawthin' iv puttin' a gallon iv paint into him durin' an avenin's intertainment. They had to exercise diplomacy, d'ye mind, to keep their repytations goin'."

[1] Mr. Dooley on Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

If in the days of which Mr. Dooley speaks there was a certain alcoholic hypocrisy, he also finds in the present generation of politicians a corresponding hypocrisy

FINLEY PETER DUNNE, CREATOR OF MR. DOOLEY

similar in character but opposite in application. And so he remarks to Hinnissy:

> "But it's all changed now. Pollyticians no longer come into me place. I'm glad iv it. I prefer th' thrade iv prosp'rous steel mannyfacthrers like ye'ersilf. It's more reg'lar. A statesman wud no more be seen goin' into a saloon thin he wud into a meetin' iv th' Anti-Semitic league. Th' imprissyon he thries to give is that th' sight iv a bock beer sign makes him faint with horror, an' that he's stopped atin' bread because there's a certain amount iv alcohol concealed in it. He wishes to brand as a calumy th' statement that his wife uses an alcohol lamp to heat her curlin' irns. Ivry statesman in this broad land is in danger iv gettin' watherlogged because whiniver he sees a possible vote in sight he yells f'r a pitcher iv ice wather an' dumps into himsilf a basin iv that noble flooid that in th' more rugged days iv th' republic was on'y used to put out fires an' sprinkle th' lawn."

The keen point of Mr. Dooley's lance finds many vulnerable places in the armor of American life. It gets home with telling effect in a searching satire on our American court practice. And if any lawyer fails to enjoy Mr. Dooley's comments "On Criminal Trials" he deserves all the hard things said about his profession in this, one of the most delightful chapters in the present volume.

Mr. Dooley judicially comments upon the difference between the English trial system and the American, and then proceeds to describe the process by which an American criminal follows the long road from crime to the Supreme Court. Mr. Dooley says:

> "Th' first six months iv th' thrile ar-re usually taken in gettin' a jury that will be fair to both sides, but more fair to wan side thin th' other. Th' state's attorney makes an effort to get twelve men who have no prejudices excipt a gin'ral opinyon that th' pris'ner is guilty. Th' lawyer f'r th' definse on'y asks that his client shall be thried be a jury iv his peers or worse, but wud compromise if all twelve were mimbers iv th' same lodge as himsilf. In due time twelve men iv intilligence who have r-read th' pa-apers an' can't reminber what they've r-read, or who can't r-read, or ar-re out iv wurruk, ar-re injooced to sarve, an' th' awful wheels iv justice begins to go round."

The jury once selected, the real trial begins. In Mr. Dooley's words:

> "Th' scene in th' coort is very beautiful an' touchin'. Th' pris'ner's wife rents a baby f'r th' winter an' sets where th' jury can see her whin her husband kicks her undher th' table an' she weeps. Th' table in front iv th' culprit is banked with flowers an' he comes into th' coort wearing a geeranyum in his button-hole. Afther a flashlight iv th' august thribunal iv justice has been exploded an' th' masheen f'r takin' th' movies has been put up, th' dhread proceedure pro-ceeds. On th' first iv August th' prosecution succeeds into gettin' into th' record th' fact that such a person as th' victim iver lived in spite iv th' objictions iv th' definse on th' ground that it is immateeryal. Th' lawyer f'r th' definse objicts to all th' questions an' whin th' coort overrules him he takes an exciption. That is as much as to say to th' judge: 'I'll make a jack iv ye in the supreem coort.' On th' twintieth iv Decimber afther a severe cross-examination iv th' principal witness th' jury asks th' coort f'r a recess so they can lynch him."

And so the years roll by until the time for the decision of the jury is reached:

> "Afther th' judge has insthructed th' jury that he's all up in th' air about th' case an' doesn't know what he ought to say to thim, th' jury retires, charges its last meal to you an' me, an' discusses whether it ought to sind th' pris'ner home or somewhere else. Afther askin' an' gettin' a description iv his home they decide on temperin' justice with mercy an' find him guilty. Th' pris'ner is brought into coort, smilin' an' cheerful, th' flashlights boom, th' cameras click, th' ladies swoon, an' th' judge says with a pleasant smile: "It is me dhread jooty to sintince ye to th' Supreem Coort. Long life to ye.'"

Again after a passage of years we find, according to Mr. Dooley, the Supreme Court reversing the lower court for the following causes:

> "'In th' Sikes case th' decision is that while th' pris'ner was undoubtedly guilty, th' lower coort made a bone-head play be allowin' th' disthrict attorney to open th' window an' expose th' prisner to a dhraft, be not askin' Juryman Number Two whether he had iver been in th' dhry goods business, an' be omittin' a comma afther th' wurrud "so" on page fifty-three thousan' sivin hundred an' eighty in th' record.'"

And so, after a new trial, concludes Mr. Dooley:

> "Th' onforchnit crim'nal is turned out on a wurruld that has f'rgotten him so completely that he can't aven get a job as an actor on th' vodyville stage."

We looked diligently through the present volume to find Mr. Dooley's oracular opinion on the subject of the League of Nations, for an eager public, confused by a Senatorial turmoil and Presidential propaganda, might have found in Mr. Dooley's philosophy the one clear-minded and undivided solution to our National problems. But, alas! Mr. Dooley has not yet given utterance to his opinions on this vital subject, and so the Nation and the world must struggle along as best they can without the

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immediate guidance of the sage of Archy Road.

The nearest approach to a comment on this subject appears in Mr. Dooley's discussion of an earlier proposal of William Jennings Bryan. Of Mr. Bryan's proposal he says:

"Th' other day he let out a pretty little idee. I hope no harm will come to it. 'Tis nawthin' less thin startin' a polis foorce to prevint war. Yes, sir, an internaytional organization iv coppers to keep th' peace in th' rowdy neighborhood iv the' wurruld. How'll they be ar-rmed? What a foolish question. They'll be ar-rmed with love, iv coorse. Who'll pay thim? That's a financyal deetail that can be arranged later on. What'll happen if wan iv th' roughnecks reaches f'r a gun? Don't bother me with thrifles.

"Th' gin'ral idee as him an' me see it is this: All is quiet at th' headquarters iv th' internaytional peace polis at Chat-talky. Th' chief iv polis is settin' in a bower iv roses playin' a mandolin whin a snow-white pigeon flutthers through th' window. There is a pink ribbon around its neck. Th' chief onties it an' finds a message that reads: 'Pancho Villa is on th' loose agin. He has filled himself up with paint an' is out with a Winchester shootin' up th' bordher.' Th' chief calls th' resarves. Th' peace bulls in unyforms iv crame-colored pongee silk an' carryin' bunches iv f'rget-me-nots, turn out an' throt to th' scene iv th' disturbance at a double-quick. They find Pancho, but instead iv slammin' th' desprit patriot over th' head with a walnut log an' dhraggin' him be wan ankle to th' wagon, which is th' custom iv some peace agents I know, they shower him with petals fr'm their bokays. Th' sergeant disarms him with a melting look, whispers something soothing in his ear, smooths his hair, fixes his tie, an' maybe kisses him on th' forehead. An' that's th' end iv th' throuble."

Mr. Dooley sees but one fly in the ointment, and his criticism of Mr. Bryan's Utopia is not without its application at the present time:

"An' there ye ar-re. I don't know whether 'twill succeed or not. I hope so. But there's wan thing I am afraid iv, Hinnissy. Ye see, me boy, th' wurruld is a pretty old hunk of mud an' wickedness, an' I've been here a long time an' I've observed this sad thruth. Ye don't have to lend a man money. Ye don't have to amuse him; ye don't have to take care iv him if he's sick; ye don't have to do annything f'r him but wan thing."

"An' what's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"If he wants to fight ye, ye've got to accommodate him," said Mr. Dooley.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Anymoon. By Horace Bleackley. The John Lane Company, New York.

England in this tale of the future after the war drifts into communism under the guidance of the brilliant and politic opportunist, Mr. Anymoon. A loose national framework binds the communes together. But no one is satisfied. Do what they will, class distinctions exist and discontent is found. Revolution after revolution brings the country into anarchy. It is saved by a remnant of the navy, and on the last page Mr. Anymoon accepts the old order and is even ready to welcome back the king. The incidents are dramatic. Apart from its politico-economic purpose, the book has life and spirit.

Dangerous Days. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

The effect of war stress on the character and action of a group of wealthy, fashionable people is worked out here with care. Instead of the old theme of the unappreciated wife, we have an unappreciated husband presented—and his wife is surely one of the most detestable women in fiction, selfish, shallow, unpatriotic, exigent. Husband and son respond to the new spirit of devotion to country; the wife thinks them idiots and goes on flirting, wasting, and making social display. There are many people in the novel and they are well contrasted. The book will certainly rank with Mrs. Rinehart's best work.

Jinny the Carrier. By Israel Zangwill. The Macmillan Company, New York.

An over-long and over-leisurely tale of rustic life in Essex a generation ago. The quality is good, Jinny herself an agreeable and independent maiden, the pictures of queer English sects such as the Peculiars curious; what the novel lacks is a strong central situation and well-planned construction and development.

Rainbow Valley. By L. M. Montgomery. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

The author of "Anne of Green Gables" shows in this book, as in her other popular stories, an unusual knowledge of girls' character, a cheerful spirit, and a sense of humor. This is less distinctly a girls' book and more distinctly a novel, properly speaking, than some of its predecessors.

BIOGRAPHY

Colonel Ephraim Williams: An Appreciation. By William A. Pew. With a Foreword by General Leonard Wood. University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

In this well-printed volume we have the record of a brave soldier who fell in the fight in 1775 at Rocky Brook, Lake George, in the French and Indian War. The book comprises not only much information concerning a generally misunderstood battle, but it also throws light upon the struggles of our arms during the Colonial period. As General Leonard Wood says in his foreword, General Pew has compiled his volume "with the same thoroughness and efficiency which he displayed in the operations of the Spanish-American War and in the conduct of the National Guard of his State since that war." The book, as General Wood further says, "is an act of tardy justice to one who well and gallantly played his part in the bitter struggle between British and French for control in North America." Williams College is happy in bearing the name of this hero. Surely his is a name to appeal to the red blood of youth.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

American Labor Policy (An). By Julius Henry Cohen. The Macmillan Company, New York.

This is a volume of suggestive studies concerning the present state of industrial organization—or disorganization. That state cannot last. It should not last. It must be subordinate to a reign of law, the kind of law recently described by Signor Orlando, the Italian ex-Premier, as "not only justice against violence," but also "social cooperation and solidarity among men." Judge Cohen would secure this by voluntary agreements between employers and employed, validated by law and supported in their enforcement by all the Government's legal agencies. Those who break their contracts would be dealt with through the Nation's combined power. But what about States where practically a whole community may be against the enforcement of a particular agreement? The volume does not inform us concerning such a case. There is no question, however, we think, as to the value of the author's platform. With it the power of labor organization, on the one hand, would be increased, and, on the other, employers would have a greater conviction that collective agreements would be enforced.

Covenanter (The). W. H. Taft, G. W. Wickersham, A. L. Lowell, H. W. Taft. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

This little volume contains an authoritative text of the plan of the League of Nations adopted by the Paris Peace Conference and brief letters upon that plan written in clear and simple English without technicality. The reader who by the multiplicity of counselors has been perplexed as to the meaning of the League will find his perplexities removed by these clear and authoritative explanations. The reader who has felt the weight of certain specific objections to particular articles will be very likely to find those objections removed. But the object of the writers, as defined in their preface, is to meet those objections which rest upon misapprehensions. They make no attempt to convert the objector who thinks that America can return and should return to a policy of National isolation, regardful only of its own interests or perhaps also those of other nations on the American continent.

Present Problems in Foreign Policy. By David Jayne Hill. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

We do not think that any published speech, article, or book contains in so compact a form and in so judicial a tone the arguments against the proposed League of Nations and the criticisms against the course which the President has pursued in negotiating that League. To weigh, or even to state, Mr. Hill's objections would far outrun the limits of this notice. We can only commend the book to any reader who wishes to read an effective argument against the League, or, indeed, against any international agreement with other nations to maintain by international action a world peace.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

On to Christ: The Gospel of the New Era. By Edwin A. McAlpin, Jr., D.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Our Immortality. By D. P. Rhodes. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The purpose of this book is said to be, "first, to indicate the belief in immortality to which all thoughtful people are logically entitled, and, second, to state the probable bearing of a wide dissemination of this belief upon some of the more vexatious problems of the present time." This is an excellent purpose, but to fulfill it requires great lucidity and simplicity of style, and these qualities are lacking in this volume. We agree with the author that "we may assume that the intellectual and emotional development of man is not without meaning in the universe." The incomplete nature of man and the fragmentary nature of life forbid the assumption that we see all there is of either man or life. But the statements of this truth and its applications are not so clear in this volume as to carry conviction to either the skeptic or the perplexed.

MISCELLANEOUS

Efficient Railway Operation. By Henry S. Haines. The Macmillan Company, New York.

English Village (The). A Literary Study. 1750–1850. By Julia Patton, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

How Animals Talk. By William J. Long. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is a volume of unscientific and sentimentalized speculation concerning the methods by which animals communicate with one another.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

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Based on The Outlook of September 10, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current-events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Labor Situation; A Labor Proposal.

Reference: Page 41.

Questions:

1. Give five or six reasons why it is well that the President has called a National conference of representatives of wage-workers and employers. 2. Write out a few suggestions on the "fundamental means of bettering the whole relationship of capital and labor." 3. Discuss whether it is possible for a democracy, like the United States, to have a permanent economic policy. 4. The Outlook speaks of our present institutions and of preserving them with such modifications and improvements as can be added without destroying the foundations upon which the structure rests. Name several of the institutions The Outlook must have in mind. Explain why modifications and improvements in democratic institutions are necessary from time to time. Tell what changes should be brought about in our institutions to meet the problem of capital and labor, and show how these changes could be made without destroying the foundation upon which our National life rests. 5. What is the industrial policy outlined by the committee of the New York State Federation of Labor? Give your opinion, with reasons, on each of the five points of this policy. 6. Is industrial warfare the method by which to re-establish normal conditions in this country? Reasons. 7. Is it possible to organize business and industry upon bases which will give adequate protection, voice, and opportunity to the employer, the employee, and the consuming public, and at the same time increase both the efficiency and the profits of business undertakings? Discuss at considerable length. 8. Write an editorial on "Labor's Appeal to Labor." 9. It would be well worth your while to read: "American Problems of Reconstruction," edited by E. M. Friedman (Dutton); "The Politics of Industry," by Glenn Frank (Century); "Creative Impulse in Industry," by Helen Marot (Dutton).

B. Topic: The Race Problem.

References: Pages 44, 45; 47–52, 56; 39.

Questions:

1. Describe as best you can your feelings after reading "Is There an Explanation?" on page 39. 2. The Outlook characterizes the article by Miss Start as a "tragic story." The title to her contribution is "The Land of the Free." Discuss the appropriateness of these captions in the light of what Miss Start has written. 3. Give the substance of "The Unlettered Day" in three or four short paragraphs. 4. Show that, in helping the Negroes up, white people will also help themselves. Illustrate freely. Keep several phases of public life in mind. 5. Give a summary of the Negro question during the period of Reconstruction. Do you uphold or condemn the attitude of the South at that time? Reasons. 6. In what respects is the South now "clearly and dangerously wrong" in its attitude toward the Negro? What does the Federal Constitution say about voting? In this matter is the South acting unconstitutionally? 7. Do you think it would be advisable to have the American race question discussed in the Congress of the United States? Reasons. 8. Does the record of the colored race in America since the Civil War prove that the Negro race is inferior? Prove all you say. 9. What place is there in a democracy for Jim-Crowism and "teaching the nigger his place"? Discuss. 10. Give a résumé of The Outlook's editorial on the race problem (page 44). Do you agree with all it says and with the programme of the Southern Sociological Congress? Reasons.

C. Topic: Popular Fallacies.

Reference: Editorial, page 46.

Questions:

1. What are the powers of the human individual which Dr. Abbott says "cannot be denied to him nor destroyed by him"? Cannot man "entirely extinguish" these powers while he still lives? Discuss. 2. For what reasons are we all morally and socially obligated to develop the elemental powers of our nature? 3. Make a number of comparisons between the American civilization of to-day and the Roman civilization of the first century. Does this comparison prove anything in particular to you about human nature? Discuss. 4. Discuss whether Dr. Abbott has disproved the popular fallacy that human nature cannot be changed. 5. Formulate and discuss two propositions suggested by this article.

II—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. American political forms are not adapted to the present economic needs of the American people. 2. There will always be permanently distinct social groups in the United States.

III—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for September 10, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Race integrity, character (44); the vernacular, lichen-spotted (47); the ballot, stultification (56); conscience, mural painting (46).

NEW USES FOR THE AIRPLANE

BY VERNE DE WITT ROWELL

Practical use of the airplane is already being made in Canada for exploration and development of hitherto uncharted and unmapped territories. A company—Northern Canada Traders, Limited—is now operating under Dominion charter, with a modest capitalization of $75,000, to extend the highways of commerce into the remote interior of Ungava, inhabited by the little-known but industrious Nascopie Indians. Already stations have been opened two hundred and fifty miles north of Seven Isles, Quebec, the nearest steamer port. The distance of two hundred and fifty miles in a direct line is covered by airplane in approximately four hours, but by trail and canoe the journey was six hundred and fifty miles, and occupied nearly four months to make.

Transportation of supplies from Seven Isles, a port on the St. Lawrence River, cost by portage and canoe $4 a pound to land them at Lake Ashuanipi, the present base and interior headquarters of the company. The same supplies will be transported by dirigible balloons at a cost of ten cents a pound. The fact that a market is taken to the Indians will increase their output, since formerly they spent eight months of the year going down and returning from Seven Isles, and hunted only the remaining time.

The trading company, which is headed by Captain E. L. Janney, an experienced aviator who served through the war with the Canadian forces, also proposes to photograph for the moving pictures the Great Falls, or McLean Falls, the world's greatest waterfall, which only five white men have ever seen. Later a passenger service by dirigible will be inaugurated, and sportsmen will be landed by airplane and airship connections at Seven Isles in the heart of the Ungava territory within a day from New York, Boston, or Toronto.

Gold, copper, and other precious minerals abound in the new territory, which has never been exploited, for the sole reason that the number of waterfalls in the rivers running southward made transportation a matter of months instead of days. That the company has faith in its projects is shown by the fact that since last January advance parties working overland have been building roads through the forests and making clearings and log cabins to serve the dual purpose of resting places for future incoming parties, landing places *en route* for planes, and landmarks by which the aviators can keep to their course over the dense forests and veritable network of small lakes, rivers, and waterfalls.

The McLean Falls have a drop of 302 feet and were last seen by white explorers in 1912. They are only a comparatively short distance from Lake Ashuanipi and eventually should become one of the scenic attractions of America.

Captain Janney, who was the first aviator in the Canadian army, first attained to notoriety when he flew a warplane from Boston to Sorel, Quebec, at the outbreak of the Great War. The Canadian Government had purchased the plane, but William Jennings Bryan, jealously guarding the United States' neutrality, would not let it be exported. Young Janney delivered the cash for the plane and then, under feint of trying it out, flew out of the country with it.

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Lazzari stands beside the New Edison and sings "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix"

Lazzari has now ceased to sing, the New Edison is singing the same song alone

THE voice of the decade has appeared. A transcendent artist has flashed into operatic glory.

Twenty-two months ago, Carolina Lazzari joined the Chicago Opera—unknown, unheralded.

Today, three continents clamor to hear her.

This fall the Metropolitan Opera Company brings her to New York City—its new prima donna contralto.

While the spell of her magnificent voice is holding New York opera-goers enthralled, the New Edison will be giving the self-same voice to music-lovers throughout the world.

The pictures on this page are from actual photographs. They show Lazzari in the act of comparing her voice with its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. She sang. Suddenly she ceased to sing, and the New Edison took up the same song alone. There was ***no difference.*** It was only by watching Lazzari's lips that the audience could tell when she had ceased to sing.

Lazzari has made this test before more than ten thousand music lovers and representative music critics. This test proves beyond all question that the voice of Lazzari, as RE-CREATED by the New Edison, is absolutely indistinguishable from her voice as heard on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Generations may pass. The Metropolitan Opera House may fade into memory. But the genius of Edison has perpetuated forever the ***real*** voices of the world's great artists. Not strident and mechanical travesties on their art—but literal RE-CREATIONS, indistinguishable from their living voices.

NOTE:—Edison not only RE-CREATES the great voices of the world. He also finds them. His method of scientific voice-analysis discovered Lazzari.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Our new book, "Edison and Music," is the most interesting phonograph story of the year. Free. Write for it. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

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A Bushel of Food

In a Package of Quaker Oats And At One-Tenth the Cost

A 35-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

You would buy a bushel of ordinary mixed foods to equal that calory value. And that bushel would cost you ten times 35 cents.

Here is what it would take of certain good foods to furnish you 6221 calories:

To Supply 6221 Calories

In Quaker Oats	1 Pkg.	In Potatoes	21 Lbs.
In Round Steak	7 Lbs.	In Hubbard Squash	65 Lbs.
In Hen's Eggs	7 Doz.	In Young Chicken	20 Lbs.
In Cabbage	55 Lbs.	In String Beans	36 Lbs.

And here is what those calories would cost at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of 6221 Calories

In Quaker Oats	35c	In Hen's Eggs	$3.12
In Round Steak	$2.06	In Fish about	2.25
In Veal or Lamb	3.12	In Potatoes	65c

Consider these facts in your breakfasts. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. It supplies essentials which most foods lack.

At least once a day use this supreme food to cut down your table cost.

Quaker Oats

Only 10 Pounds From a Bushel

Get Quaker Oats for exquisite flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

When such an oat dish costs no extra price it is due to yourself that you get it.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3191

AMERICAN APPLES AND THE A. E. F.

"Here comes the Y man with apples! More of those real American apples! Oh, boy!" was the shout with which I was greeted many times as I entered the wards of American military hospitals in England carrying a box of apples right from "the States." Even the sight of those bright-red or golden-yellow apples made the boys forget their troubles, and the taste of them lifted them up to the third heaven; gloominess and pain vanished before them like mist before the rising sun. If the box chanced to be labeled "California Pippins" or "Oregon Winesaps," you can imagine the delight with which the Westerners bit into them. But since apples are apples from Maine to California, that delight was not confined to the Westerners, even though those particular apples may have come from the West. To the fellows "over there" Maine and California do not seem so far removed as they do over here; over there they think in terms of "the good old U. S. A.," and not in terms of Maine or California.

That leads me to tell about a phase of the many-phased "War of Compassion" that followed in the wake of the great world war that, so far as I know, has not been told, but which certainly deserves to be told. The half has not been told, and never will be, of the awful horror of the war—the cost of it in blood and tears and treasure; neither has the half been told, and never can be, of the lavish outpouring of compassion that the world has witnessed during these years. The heart of the world has been touched with a tenderness never before known. The bigger work of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and kindred organizations has in some degree been told, but the work of a multitude of lesser organizations and of individuals has not been told. Indeed, some of the biggest things that were done for the boys were done by some of these lesser organizations; and it is a bit of work of one of these that I am going to tell you about. During the fall and winter of 1917 the Apple Shippers' Association of America sent over to England (I presume also to France) thousands of boxes of the finest American apples, and made the Y. M. C. A. their distributing agent. These apples were delivered at the door of the Y huts with all expenses paid, and we were asked to deliver them to the boys, which we were very glad to do; and glad also to tell the boys who had sent these apples, though we were not asked to do that. The A. S. A. have not in any way advertised this, and I am telling it now without their knowledge and consent. If, however, the donors could have witnessed the joy their gift produced in the hospitals alone they would have felt themselves more than repaid for all the trouble and expense in sending the apples. I am sure the doctors and nurses in those hospitals will agree that the apples proved a great therapeutic agent in the recovery of many a sick and homesick boy. It was not alone the food value or the medicinal properties of the fruit itself that helped these men—plenty of fruit could have been secured for them; it was the thought that somebody back at home cared enough for them to do this big, kindly thing that put new heart into them and helped many a sick, disappointed, and discouraged fellow to get a new grip upon life. Often when they were too ill to eat the apples I have

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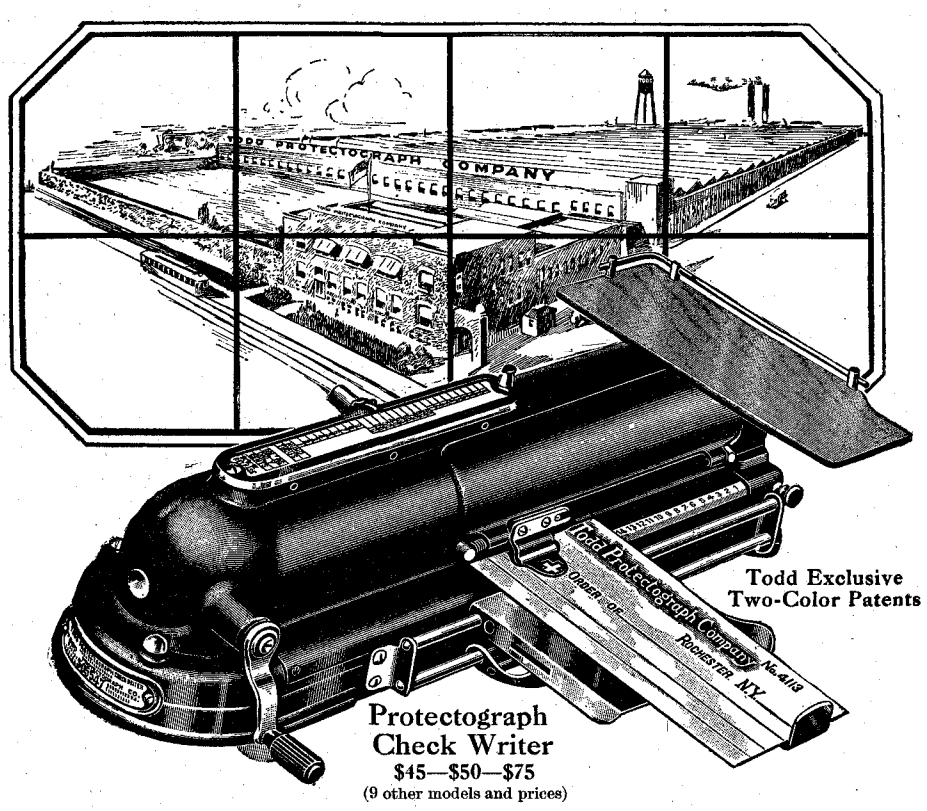
American Apples and the A. E. F. (*Continued*)

seen them beam with joy as they held them in their hands or dared to take a whiff of the delicious odor. Among the many things that have been done for the A. E. F., I know that nothing has been more appreciated or been more far-reaching in its influence than this gift of apples; and I am glad to give it a little of the publicity it deserves.

But the apples were not designed alone for the hospitals, nor distributed there exclusively, nor welcome only there; they were given out at all of the huts "at sundry times and in divers manners"—always to new crowds, for this was a big rest camp where the men stopped for only a few days on their way to France. These apples gave an added home-touch to the huts, and many lads will remember those first nights in a strange land which were brightened up a bit by the kindly thought of some of their countrymen who, it would seem, had somehow divined just how lonely and homesick they would be feeling just then, and had thus provided against it. It made a splendid closing number to many an evening's programme in the huts—a sort of grand finale—to sit on the counter with a box of those apples beside you, have the men line up, and as they came up hand each man an apple or two, telling him that here was a little message from home. The *only condition for giving the apples was* that the boys should smile; and smile they did, you may be sure—big, broad, bright apple smile! Those apple experiences often opened the way for a heart-to-heart talk, and many a fellow got more than an apple as the result.

Night after night we distributed the apples at the movie theater, frequently three times a night, for at times there were so many men in camp we had to run the show three times to accommodate them, and then could not. Oh, what a shout would go up when the announcement was made that each man would be given an apple as they went out—a really true home apple! You may be sure that not a man left without getting his apple. And there were, in all probability, some repeaters at the next show; we did not station a guard at the door to keep them from coming back. On stunt nights apples were given as prizes, and they brought out an array of talent that otherwise might not have been discovered; talents simply could not be kept hidden in the presence of those apples from home. We always made it a point to bribe the judges on these occasions with apples, lest their decisions be not influenced by their own disappointment.

Or it was to some quarantined barracks, full of gloomy men cussing their luck at having to be shut in for two or three weeks because some chap in the company had neglected to have the measles or mumps till he got into the army, that we went with our boxes of apples. Just at the height of the "apple season" we happened to have the survivors of the ill-fated Tuscania in camp, and about twelve hundred of them were in quarantine at one time. After what these men had been through this was enough to make them gloomy and to cuss their luck. Then came the apples, and you can imagine the effect! Those big juicy apples, the very wrappers smelling with the good old smell of the States, the cool, firm feel in their fingers as they eagerly grabbed them, and then that first long-drawn-out taste, mellow and tart, which all American boys have known and loved from childhood! In less time than it



Todd Exclusive
Two-Color Patents

Protectograph
Check Writer
$45—$50—$75
(9 other models and prices)

The Plant Back of Your Protectograph Check Writer

When you invest in any piece of business machinery, it's well to know what guarantee you are getting, and what stands back of the guarantee.

This four-acre plant, with a million dollars' worth of manufacturing and laboratory equipment, plus twenty years of successful experience in safeguarding the world's checks, stands back of our guarantee that

TODD
Protectograph System

provides complete protection.

This is the System backed by an iron-clad forgery insurance policy, issued under the rigid insurance laws of New York State. Todd pays the premium.

The Todd System consists of (a) PROTOD chemical-fibre, Forgery-proof checks and drafts, made to order for Todd users only, each check registered and safeguarded like Government bank notes—(b) these checks written with Todd Two-Color amount line in black and red by the Protectograph Check Writer, like this—

EXACTLY FIFTY ONE DOLLARS SIX CENTS

(New "Exactly" Speed-up Dial. "Shreds" the amount in the body of the check, exact to the penny. Denominations in Black, amount words in Red.)

A famous forger has written the "inside story," telling how easily millions are stolen yearly by check swindlers from the smaller business concerns that have not as yet adopted Todd protection. Mail this coupon with your letterhead for a copy.

TODD PROTECTOGRAPH CO.
(Established 1899)
World's Largest Makers of Checks and Check-Protecting Devices. Sales and Service Branches in 100 cities throughout the World.
1178 University Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

"Scratcher" The Forger
His Book
(Written in State Prison)

FREE, please send the "Scratcher" book by a famous forger, describing the temptations of unprotected checks.

Name _____
(enclose your business card or letter head)
TODD PROTECTOGRAPH CO., Rochester, N. Y.
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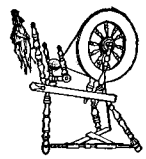
McCutcheon's

Fancy Linens from abroad



Reg. Trade-Mark

OUR Fancy Linen Department is constantly receiving shipments of distinctive and exclusive pieces from abroad.

From France—An unusual collection of Tea and Luncheon Cloths, Table Runners, Banquet Cloths, etc. These are made in Combinations of Filet, Point de Venice, Cluny and Bruges Laces with English Embroidery.

From Italy—A most complete assortment of Linens made of Cream Homespun and decorated with quaint and unusual stitches. A few are embroidered in Blue and Brown.

From Ireland—Hemstitched Damask Breakfast and Luncheon Cloths with Napkins to match in a number of new designs.

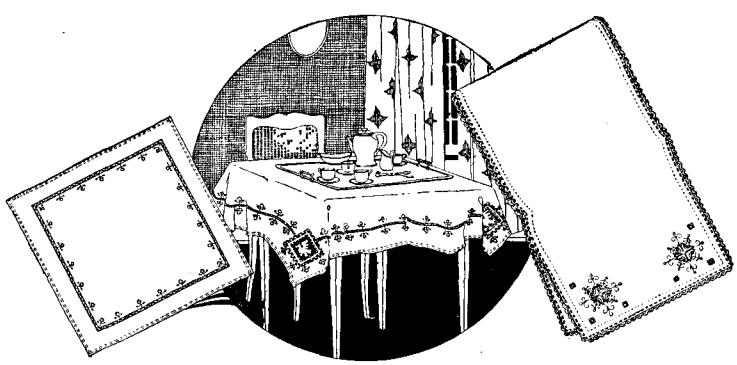
The Cloth shown on the table with Napkin to match is one of the new sets from abroad. It is made of soft cream Linen and worked with fine blue cross-stitch embroidery. The design with bird motif is simple, yet effective. The same design and material may also be had in oblong Luncheon Sets.

The Scarf illustrated is of heavy cream Italian Linen with needlepoint and embroidered corners, trimmed with Irish Lace edge. We have this same work in Tea Cloths, Luncheon Sets and Tray Cloths.

Send for our new 32-page Fall and Winter Catalogue and let it solve your shopping problems. Mailed free on request.

James McCutcheon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Sts., N. Y.



American Apples and the A. E. F. (*Continued*)

takes to tell it the gloom had evaporated and the cussings had turned to cheers. Then followed many a reminiscent tale of apple orchards and boyish pranks; then praises of America in general and the A. S. A. in particular; and when we left they shouted such a lusty "Come again!" as to leave no doubt in our minds about its being absolutely sincere.

Again and again we stood by the roadside near the hut as the long, long trail was a-winding into camp, and handed each man an apple as they tramped by. Always glad for the first sight of those familiar low brown buildings with the big red triangle over the door, these men were doubly glad for this surprise from home. After two weeks, often more, on a crowded transport, and a couple of hundred miles on those funny English trains, often more crowded even than the transports, then a two-mile uphill hike to the camp carrying a heavy pack, it took the kinks out of their tired muscles and put new pep into the boys to realize that somebody back at home had followed them across the sea with their thoughtful kindness. I wish the donors could have seen and heard these men when we gave them the apples and told them who had sent them.

At Eagle Hut, in London, on certain days we gave an apple with each meal. On these "apple days" the crowds were always larger than usual; they seemed to have some way of divining the days we would give the apples, for we had no regularity about giving them. Whether they had spies out who passed the word along, or, what is more probable, each man ate a number of times, which was perfectly possible on the English rations of those days, at any rate, the cash register always showed an increase, and it can easily be inferred that it was due to the popularity of the apples. And the apples were not given to our own men alone, but to the men of the Allies as well; for Eagle Hut was open to all of the Allies on the same terms as to our own men, and they came in large numbers. Tommies, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Indians, French, Belgians, and all the rest got the apples and appreciated them to the limit. And even more than the apples these men appreciated the American spirit that was doing such splendid things for the soldier boys. How great an influence this generous gift has exerted! The flavor of the apples and the praises of the gift have encircled the globe.

Sometimes as we carried the apples to the hospitals interned German civilians who chanced to be working near by would look with longing eyes at the tempting fruit, and some of the bolder ones even dared to ask us for an apple. They didn't get any. Those apples were sent to our boys who were fighting for freedom, and not to those Huns who had lived many years in England, enjoying her privileges without renouncing their allegiance to the Fatherland, from which they had come to escape the rigors of a merciless military system. I am sure that some of these Huns even must have been impressed with the difference between the American spirit, finding such expression, and the spirit of their much boasted but now thoroughly discredited *Kultur*. Let us at least hope so, and that thus some real missionary work was done by the Apple Shippers' Association in this bit of service which they rendered to our boys so far from home.

Boston, Massachusetts. J. W. BARNETT.

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CHINA'S MISSION TO AMERICA

AN INTERVIEW WITH A CHINESE COLLEGE PRESIDENT BY JESSE WILLIS JEFFERIS

Dr. Ping-Wen Kuo, President of the National Higher Normal College, Nanking, China; author of "Recent Developments in Chinese Education," "The Chinese System of Education," etc., lately arrived in New York to prepare the way for a visit of a Commission which will be sent to America by the Committee for the Forward Movement of Education in China, of which Dr. Kuo is a member. Commenting on the standing of this distinguished Oriental visitor, Dr. J. E. Williams, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, says: "No man in China, foreign or native, is so well versed in the history of education and its practical workings as Dr. Ping-Wen Kuo."

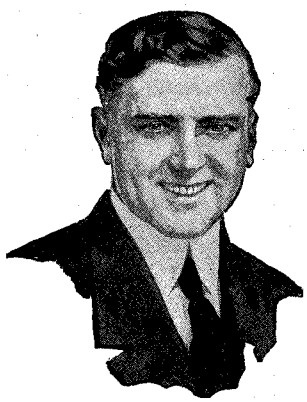
When I interviewed him regarding the aims of China's educational Commission,

PING-WEN KUO, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL HIGHER NORMAL COLLEGE AT NANKING

the largest and most important yet organized by that country, Dr. Kuo replied:

"The time has come for China to take a forward step in laying the foundations of the new Republic. With this end in view, the Commission will investigate the methods employed in the universities, colleges, technical, secondary, and elementary schools of America for the purpose of furnishing similar educational opportunities to the masses in China, at the expense of the state. My country has at present only a small percentage of her children enrolled in the public schools, the majority being educated in private academies or by trade guilds, clans, families, or tutors.

"The Committee for the Forward Movement of Education in China consists of the presidents of our six national normal colleges, the counselors of the Ministry of Education, and the representatives of the provincial educational associations and assemblies. Under the Manchu dynasty education in China was one-sided, the emphasis being laid almost wholly upon cultural studies. But the new Republic, fully recognizing the obligation owed its citizens, will offer to the masses vastly increased opportunities, especially in vocational and



End That Film

On Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Must If You Save Them

THE tooth brush alone may remove food debris, but it does not end the film. Night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, that film does constant damage. Most tooth troubles are now known to be caused by it.

It is that slimy film which you feel with your tongue. It clings to the teeth and gets into crevices. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why millions of well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now dental science, after years of search, has found a way to combat film. It is embodied for daily use in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It penetrates wherever the film goes. It lingers between the teeth. When you use it, it attacks the film efficiently. We ask you to prove this by a ten-day test, to be made at our expense.

See How Teeth Whiten

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube, and use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will realize then what a revolution has developed in teeth-cleaning methods.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin was not used before because it must be activated. The usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is used in Pepsodent alone. This method is doing for millions of teeth what was never done before.

Four years of clinical and laboratory tests have proved the results beyond question. Leading dentists all over America now urge its daily use. You are bound to adopt it when you know it, for your children and yourself. Cut out this coupon—now, before you forget it—and see what it means to you.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. (233)

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 708
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

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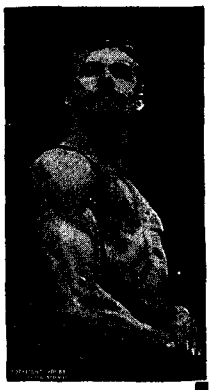
DOUBLE YOUR STRENGTH

For Vital Strength

IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH AND LENGTHEN YOUR LIFE



Resistance on abdomen increases automatically

THE SUCCESS OF YOUR LIFE — your business, your position, your happiness, all depend upon YOUR HEALTH and STRENGTH.

I guarantee that my system of CONDENSED EXERCISE with my patented

AUTOMATIC EXERCISER

will more than double your constitutional and muscular strength in from two to three months. My many pupils all over the country will testify that the Automatic Exerciser will do this.

Ten Minutes Daily on the Automatic Exerciser will build for you a degree of fundamental, physical strength that will make life and work a pleasure.

Overhead exercise for straightening and strengthening spine and shoulders

Wrist and upper arm

Massages and exercises the small of the back

IT WILL GIVE YOU
A Clear Brain
A Powerful Heart
Massive Chest
Strong Lungs, A Fine Back
Broad, Powerful Shoulders
Strong and Well Shaped Legs
A Wrist and Arm of Steel

The AUTOMATIC EXERCISER will fortify the entire area of the abdominal walls throughout all its layers.

Its influential effect on the digestion eliminates the special diet question. It will strengthen the entire organism and insure immunity from the many ills the "busy" man knows so well.

It will instantly relieve that brain and body fag. It will make nervousness and complications therefrom a thing of the past.

You quickly outgrow any mail course.

Their results are only temporary.

You Cannot Outgrow the "AUTOMATIC EXERCISER." It does not "use up" your vital energy. It generates MORE VITAL ENERGY.

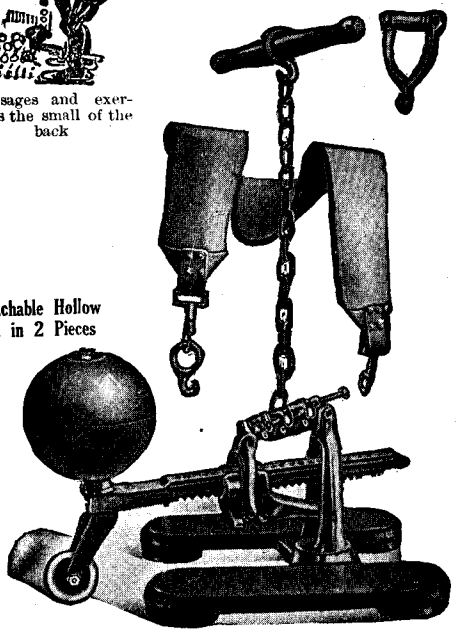
Like the heart, which has a rest between each beat, so in my system there is a resting pause between each contraction of the muscle brought into action with the "Automatic Exerciser." This enables you to develop a superior physique without undergoing the strenuous and exhaustive training which the ordinary gymnasium methods require.

The patented mechanism of the Automatic Exerciser induces complete relaxation in the nerves and muscles and develops great strength and flexibility in the joints. It will cure any case of "muscle bound" condition in a short time.

The attachments for different parts of the body are hooked to the chain at any point desired.

The resistance increases automatically with each pull and the numbers on the bar REGISTER the increase at each pull as the lever bar moves ahead one cog each time.

The resistance and increase is POSITIVE and UNIFORM and can be adjusted less than a pound or several pounds to suit the requirements of the different parts of the body.



Detachable Hollow Ball in 2 Pieces

WHAT OTHERS SAY

"I am well pleased with the AUTOMATIC EXERCISER. Before taking exercise on your machine my blood and liver were slow and sluggish—but now! what a difference—I am full of energy.

"It is worth a hundred times the price I paid for it."

Wichita, Kansas. EARL PINNEY.

"The Automatic Health Exerciser is a wonder. It has done more for my health and strength in two months than all the exercises and apparatus put together which I have tried in years."

MAURICE DALY, JR.
Daly Billiard Academy, N. Y. City.

Mr. Anton Hromatka, City Infirmary, St. Louis, Mo., sends records of his results, which he secured with my machine and instructions in four months.

Strength of	First Record	Second Record	Strength Gained
Thighs	754 lbs.	2,000 lbs.	1,246 lbs.
Knees	754 lbs.	1,800 lbs.	1,046 lbs.
Calves and Ankles	410 lbs.	892 lbs.	482 lbs.
Back	508 lbs.	1,382 lbs.	874 lbs.
Shoulders and Arms	356 lbs.	641 lbs.	285 lbs.
Neck	185 lbs.	375 lbs.	190 lbs.
Biceps	87 lbs.	280 lbs.	193 lbs.

His fingers show an average gain in strength of 100%.

Records of one month's results by Mr. Thomas Waring, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

First Record	Second Record
159 lbs.	411 lbs.
134 lbs.	461 lbs.
.....	.....
54 lbs.	88 lbs.
41 lbs.	86 lbs.
20 lbs.	54 lbs.
.....	.....
Abdomen	
46 lbs.	102 lbs.

With the Automatic Exerciser you can acquire more Resisting Power and Vim than you ever had.

If you want to double your strength and consequently acquire a SUPERIOR DEGREE OF HEALTH send for my 32-page booklet

IF YOU ARE BATTLING WITH FUNCTIONAL WEAKNESS IN ANY FORM, SEND FOR.....

LIFE'S BACKBONE

which gives a full description of the Automatic Exerciser, how it works, what it will do, etc. *Don't judge my machine until you have read this booklet.* I will send it on receipt of 4c postage.

Prof. ADRIAN P. SCHMIDT
Suite 302, 1949 Broadway, New York City
(Near 66th St. Subway Station)

China's Mission to America (Continued)

technical training. The programme of this Committee is a progressive one. It includes:

"The founding of more universities, normal colleges, and technical institutions; the opening of vocational schools; the education of adults; the establishment of more public libraries and playgrounds, and encouragement by the state of those who desire to study abroad.

"From year to year an increasing number of Chinese students have been receiving their higher education in this country, those here totaling 1,600, while Great Britain and France each have only about two hundred. When these 1,600 students return from your shores to China, they will cement still more firmly the traditional friendship which has existed so long between my country and the United States.

"The reform movements now under way in China are all being led by young men who have studied in such progressive educational institutions as are found in America. The spread and fermenting influence of modern thought in China have been evidenced recently by the awakening of the masses to the growing menace of Japanese aggression.

"During the past few years several educational commissions from China have visited the United States and the Philippines, the schools established by the American Government in the islands of the Pacific being regarded by Chinese educators as models specially worthy of imitation and emulation.

"Since the establishment of the Republic China has made steady progress in modern education. In 1910 we had only 50,000 schools, with an enrollment of 1,000,000 pupils. To-day China has 130,000 schools, with an attendance of approximately 4,500,000. Two hundred and thirty normal schools have been founded for the training of primary teachers and thirteen normal colleges for young men and women preparing to teach in the secondary grades. China also has six universities, seventy-two colleges, four hundred and seventy-seven agricultural, industrial, and commercial institutions, and four hundred and fifty high schools."

After remaining a few weeks in New York City Dr. Kuo will visit the other important educational centers, where he will complete arrangements for the reception of China's next and greatest educational mission to America.

COMPETITION VS. MONOPOLY

Competition is the natural attitude of savage life; monopoly pertains to the progress of mankind towards civilization.

The true savage exists by the success of his own personal endeavors; he lives for his immediate wants and knows no restraint except from the strong arm of his neighbor. When he advances to the stage of keeping herds of domestic animals and engages in substantial agriculture, he has entered the status of barbarism and has inaugurated monopoly in being the possessor of property not shared in necessarily by his neighbors.

Monopoly is defined with a rather drastic flavor. Perhaps we need another word to express the meaning desired herein. There are many industries incident to our present status of civilization that are natural monopolies, such that competition

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Competition vs. Monopoly (Continued)

would be an economic waste, and this class of industries increases rapidly as civilization advances. Up to the period of our Civil War and for a decade or more after people could not feel sufficient confidence in one another to operate properties in large units, and industry was mostly individual, each owner working alone much as his savage ancestor did. After that period, and especially since 1890, large corporations have become the rule, and natural industrial monopoly is coming into its proper place. The drastic flavor of the name should be dropped and a definition adopted saying that the word means an industry which can be economically carried on only by a single organization, one that could not economically admit of competition.

With this definition in mind, we can recall many industries where monopoly is manifestly the only rational type of operation. Water, gas, and electric supplies, telephone and telegraph, street railways, postal service, and many others where multiple installations would be required by competition, are evident examples of proper monopolies.

The saying that "competition is the life of trade" is obsolete in its old significance. It is really the death of trade under the scientific methods of to-day. Many a trader, manufacturer, and contractor has ruined himself financially in trying to freeze out his competitors. Competition is really industrial warfare and should be eliminated with the passing of physical warfare.

Monopoly, then, in its best sense is the heritage of the progress of culture. What is our objection to it? Is it not the feeling that monopoly gives its possessor a chance to acquire power through property and other means that we have no chance of enjoying? In other words, we feel that the monopolist has an unfair advantage over us who do not possess a monopoly, and this feeling of inequality of opportunity is the root of all social unrest which is now so manifest in the world. Men will rest content under very hard conditions if they feel that every one else is no better circumstanced than they are.

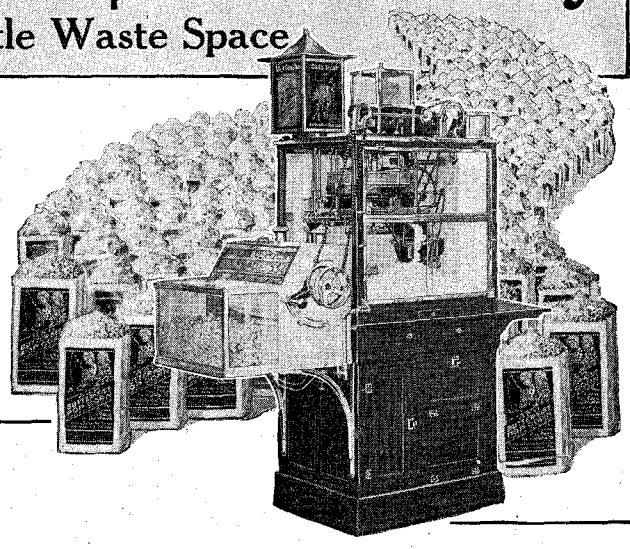
If monopoly can be purged of this flavor and the world convinced that unified management is the most economical method of doing its work at the present time, the unrest will be cured and the awful waste of strikes, agitations, lockouts, and other evidences of industrial warfare will be stopped.

The only way to remove this flavor and to convince the uneasy is equal partnership of the three parties involved—that is to say, owner, employee, and consumer—as their interests shall appear.

Legislate so that owners, employees, and consumers shall participate equally in the management of business and so that owners and employees shall participate in the profits, and the labor problem is solved, Bolshevists outgeneraled, and industrial efficiency secured. The problem now before Congress of reorganizing the railways of this country presents the grandest opportunity to carry out this plan that was ever offered to mankind. The outlines of a feasible plan have been laid before Senator Cummins, Chairman of the Senate Committee having this reorganization in hand. It was formulated by Professor William G. Raymond, of the State University of Iowa, and should be studied by every one interested in the question, and especially by those publicly discussing the matter.

Boston, Massachusetts. J. P. SNOW.

$600 to $3120 Yearly
From a Little Waste Space



The Greatest Payer
That a Store or Theatre Can Have

Took in $10,000.00
"Have had our machine over 3 years and have taken in more than $10,000 on pop corn and peanuts." Bloomington, Ill., Pop. 26,850.

Bought Him a Car
"Profits derived from Butter-Kist machine first 12 months paid for machine and bought me a $1,200 automobile besides." Electra, Tex., Pop. 640.

Paid for Itself
"Paid for machine out of profits in less than year." Mt. Pleasant, Ia., Pop. 3,874.

Every day we are getting letters from Druggists, Confectioners, Grocers, Bakers, Department and Variety Stores and Film Exhibitors who say that the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine is the greatest profit payer and trade winner they have ever seen.

What are you doing to seize this life-time opportunity? Will you start right here and now by sending for our wonderful Butter-Kist book and see the sales records and photographic proof of the hundreds and thousands of stores and theaters that are earning from $60 to $250 clear profit per month AND MORE from a little waste floor space 26 by 32 inches?

BUTTER-KIST
Pop Corn and Peanut Machine

Pay from Your Profits

Our easy payment plan gives every buyer a chance to pay right out of his Butter-Kist sales as thousands have done. So don't let anything prevent you from investigating the biggest paying proposition known to trade considering the small investment and the little space and attention necessary.

Everybody loves pop corn and Butter-Kist ranks in highest favor because of Butter-Kist's exclusive toasty flavor, made under our patented process. No other machine can produce it. An average of only 90 nickel bags a day means about $1,000 a year profit.

Valuable

This coupon has started many a business man on the road to new profits.

Each read an advertisement like this and had the good horse-sense to know that it doesn't cost anything but a postage stamp to investigate.

If this machine pays big profits in towns of 300 and 400 population as well as in the largest cities, then no man in business can afford to ignore it. Mail the coupon now for full facts and amazing success records.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
316 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

For Proofs, Photos and Prices

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
316 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist book—"America's New Industry" with photos, sales records, and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

Name.....

Business.....

Address.....

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extension of same tour. Write for itinerary.

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A select family and transient hotel. Ideal location. Modern appointments and homelike. Good table. American plan. $3.50 up per day. Special rates by week or month. Booklet. IRVING T. BALL, Proprietor.

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YORK CAMPS LOON LAKE, MAINE

In famous Rangeley region in heart of mountains facing lake. Private log cabins with open fires and baths. Central dining-room. Golf within easy reach; garage. Boating, bathing, fishing, mountain climbing. Farm one mile from camp furnishes fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, certified milk. Booklet. **J. LEWIS YORK, Prop.**

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Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Large, breezy, screened piazza. Running water in bedrooms. Private baths. Eggs, berries, cream, chicken. Rates moderate.

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THE PALMER At LAKEWOOD-among-the-Pines of New Jersey. Miss T. T. DOLBEY. Also **CASTLE INN, Delaware Water Gap, Pa.,** in the Pocono Mts. of Penna.

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HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square

adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

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NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.

Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

SOUTH CAROLINA

PINE RIDGE CAMP

AIKEN, S. C. Ideal for outdoor life in winter. Main house and individual cabins. Certified city water. Northern cooking. Rates moderate. Write Miss GEORGIA E. CROCKER or Miss MARY E. SANBORN, Aiken, S. C.

Health Resorts

LINDEN Doylestown, Pa. | **The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well**

An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

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FLORIDA

FOR RENT

With option to buy, two completely furnished cottages, modern improvements. 8 rooms, bath, $450 season; 4 rooms, bath, $175. Garage, dock, boat house, small grove. Facing Indian River. Secure now. Blair, Box 32, Cocoa, Fla.

NEW JERSEY

FOR RENT Ready, with French chef and French housekeeper maintained by owner, large ten-bedroom home, either furnished or unfurnished, on private estate in Caldwell, New Jersey. Beautiful grounds, extensive view. References required with application. Apply Tenth Floor, 64 Wall St., New York City.

NEW YORK

SARANAC LAKE IN THE ADIRONDACKS

If you wish a cottage for the winter at Saranac Lake or vicinity, write WILLIAM F. ROBERTS
Real Estate Office Saranac Lake, N. Y.

HIGHLAND, N. Y. FOR SALE Magnificent home opposite Poughkeepsie. House situatsd 200 ft. above Hudson, commanding river, mountain views 20 miles; 14 acres land in gardens, pastures, vineyards. Large shingled house, furnished, 14 rooms, 3 baths, 3 open fireplaces, 110-ft. porch. Garage with cottage above. Artesian well, pumped by gasoline engine, supplies entire place. No mosquitoes. Fine situation for much needed hotel. 947, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

THE writer is absolute owner of large farming estate in northeastern Wisconsin, in district notable for the canning of peas, string beans, beets, and corn. Unusual natural and shipping facilities. Choice of two factory sites. Mostly fox fine sandy loam. Charted and mapped by State experts. Would like to interest Eastern capitalists in the establishment of a canning plant. 7,308, Outlook.

FOR THE HOME

SECKEL pear sweet pickle in heavy syrup. Alma Hibbard, Gansevoort, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

RAILWAY traffic inspector, $110 a month to start and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months' home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM27 Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Couple, active, industrious, intelligent, to run small particular inn located in desirable Vermont village. Woman dainty cook, man good gardener and helper. Permanent home. Only A1 people considered. 7,301, Outlook.

WANTED—Working housekeeper, not over 45, for two persons in small New York apartment. 7,370, Outlook.

WANTED—Superior French nurse under thirty-five years of age for two girls of six and nine. Live in country. Reply with references to 7,386, Outlook.

WANTED, to go West October tenth, refined young woman to assist in home with two children, seven and eleven, both in school. Home near Kansas City. References required. 7,382, Outlook.

WANTED—Nurse of experience and ability in care of children. Full charge child of two. Some oversight and care of girl five and boy seven. Must be physically strong, cheerful disposition, and fond of little children. Wages $75 month. References. 7,384, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined, educated young woman in minister's family, New York suburb. Companion for two daughters, thirteen and nine, who attend school. Plain sewing and assist mother. Two maids kept. References. 7,393, Outlook.

WANTED—Woman of refinement as working housekeeper in pleasant convenient house in New Rochelle. Two in family. An unusually attractive position for one unusually qualified. 7,401, Outlook.

WORKING housekeeper. Three in family. Good home in suburban town. Give salary desired and references. 7,402, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

TWO TEACHERS wanted, high school mathematics or grades, French, for private school in Southern winter resort. Full particulars first letter. 7,388, Outlook.

WANTED—Governess, French, or one who can speak French fluently; age under 35; live in country, so must be fond of outdoor life; for two girls, ages 6 and 9. 7,385, Outlook.

WANTED—Governess-companion, Protestant, not over 35, for girl 10. Physical care. French conversation. Help with school work. Elementary music. Fond of sports, mending. Short distance in country. Wages, $75. Mrs. Cortlandt Godwin, Palisade Ave., Englewood, New Jersey.

PHYSICAL culture teacher and companion wanted for four girls, 11 to 16, who are obliged to give up studies for a year on account of eye strain. An educated, refined young woman, who can interest them in outdoor life and sports, has had training in physical culture, desired. Address, with full particulars and salary in addition to maintenance, Mrs. Wm. E. Leffingwell, Watkins, N. Y.

WANTED—Competent governess for children 8, 5½, and assist with girl 3½. French Protestant preferred. Winter in Florida. Must be experienced teacher with good references. 308, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, with training and hospital experience, wishes position. Care invalid or subnormal child preferred. 7,343, Outlook.

Business Situations

CHAUFFEUR — American, courteous, a careful driver and good mechanic, wishes private position. References. 7,374, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, with knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, would like position as secretary. 7,396, Outlook.

LADY, good social position, special faculty with children, as social secretary. Capable typist and stenographer, good at all sports. Superior references. 4,014, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY wishes position as companion-secretary: stenography, typewriting, good reader, familiar with social usages. Riding, swimming, tennis, golf, motorist, capable traveler. Excellent references. 4,012, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman as companion. Will travel. References. 7,372, Outlook.

EDUCATED, experienced woman desires position as housemother in children's home or industrial school. Fond of children. Good disciplinarian. 7,352, Outlook.

DOCTOR'S widow would like position as assistant or practical nurse in physician's office or as companion for lady going South for winter. 7,371, Outlook.

SOCIAL SECRETARY or mother's assistant by educated young woman of unquestionable social position. References. 7,391, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged woman of refinement desires position as housemother in girls' school. Preferably near Philadelphia. 7,392, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper for widower. Conscientious, careful expenditure. Intelligent, reliable. 7,395, Outlook.

BRIGHT, energetic young woman, attractive personality, some hospital training, wishes position, companion or office-nurse. Willing to assist household duties or travel. A-1 reference. $50 monthly. 7,377, Outlook.

LADY seeks position as companion, governess, or managing-housekeeper in family of refinement. Music, French conversation, dietetics, economical buying and general supervision of family and household interests. References. 7,375, Outlook.

NURSE wants position as dentist's or doctor's helper. 7,379, Outlook.

POSITION as nursery governess by young woman with kindergarten training. References exchanged. 7,381, Outlook.

LADY of refinement wishes position as chaperon in family with children. 7,389, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as traveling or home companion by capable, adaptable young woman. Understands typewriting, filing, and home management. Moderate salary. 7,403, Outlook.

CHAPERON—Traveling companion. Gentlewoman. Experienced. References exchanged. 7,404, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture and training desires position as housekeeper, companion, or charge of motherless children. 7,405, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE graduate, cultured American, experienced governess, teacher's training, will teach French, other high school subjects, or take governess position (non-resident), New York suburbs. Or business position, French translator. Exceptional references. 7,378, Outlook.

KINDERGARTNER wishes position in private school. Experienced. References. 7,387, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, English, fond of athletics, desires position as governess. 7,390, Outlook.

A tidewater Virginia country home is offered by two college women with teaching adapted to special needs of nervous children, 6–12 years. Sleeping porches, fireplaces, furnace heat. 7,376, Outlook.

YOUNG Massachusetts woman, with eleven years' teaching experience, will take child between ages of 10 and 14 to board and tutor for school year from October 15 to May 15. All the privileges of home. Fee $2,000. 7,383, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

A clergyman's wife, graduate of the Boston Children's Hospital, will give scientific and loving care to infant or child in her beautiful New England country home. 7,364, Outlook.

WANTED—Writer with easy, interesting style, for weekly in the Southwest. College graduate preferred. 7,397, Outlook.

SET eight Texas Oil Field pictures, $1. L. A. Wilke, Box 247, Eastland, Texas.

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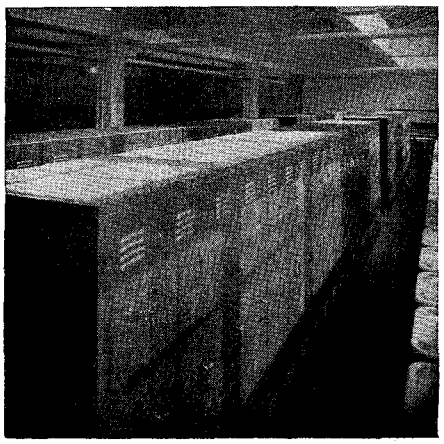

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Set them an example by putting your factory in order. Good workmen often dress well; give them Durand Steel Lockers so that their clothes may be kept clean and safe.

Send for catalogue of Durand Steel Lockers, or Durand Steel Racks, Counters, etc., in types suitable for every purpose.

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My booklet telling how to stand and walk correctly is free. Shall I mail it to you NOW? If later you desire my services you will find the cost most reasonable. Write me.

Susanna Cocroft
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Miss Cocroft is nationally recognized as an authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

HOW SHALL WE COMMEMORATE THEIR VICTORY?

BY WINDSOR T. WHITE
President of the White Company

Traversing the Campagna di Roma, Italy, is the world's most historic highway. Time and foe have all but blotted out the grandeur of ancient Rome, but the Appian Way, in almost perfect condition, has withstood the ravages of twenty-two centuries. It stands to-day a monument to Roman road-building skill and an indorsement of the part played by good roads in enabling the Roman Empire for so long a time to subdue every would-be conqueror.

France is triumphant to-day because she has long recognized the military value of good roads. In winning the war, summed up by Lord Curzon as a "victory of Allied motors over German railroads," the highways of France were of vital importance. Verdun was saved, the great Somme defense made possible, the Château Thierry victory achieved, through the ability of French roads to carry steadfastly the mighty engines of Mars. And France plans to further her excellent system of highways by building a Sacred Way from Alsace to the North Sea, as a fitting monument to her valiant troops.

We of America are discussing suitable memorials to our fallen and returning troops. Shall such memorials be cold, useless, and often unseeming shafts of stone, or useful, educating, and health-giving highways—Victory Highways?

More monuments, perhaps, have been erected to the honor of the immortal Lincoln than to any other man. Yet are any of these as beneficial from any standpoint as the great Lincoln Highway, which bands the continent?

Investigators tell us that the economic and moral fiber of any community is determined by the condition of its highways. Not by its schools, nor its church spires, nor its banks, nor its factory chimneys, but by its roads! Give a community the right kind of roads and these other indications of advancement are sure to follow.

What more fitting monument, then, can we build in honor of our heroes than memorial roads? How can any State, county, or community better stabilize the achievements of its valiant sons than in a permanent road dedicated to them? And all of these to be planned and built so as to form a great system of Victory Highways.

Victory Highways, that the lasting defense of America shall be made certain. Victory Highways, on which schools will be erected to teach our children the arts of peace. Victory Highways, over which food will move from farm to city and manufactured products back to the land.

We may study to obtain the most magnificent effects in stone and bronze and marble; we may plan to erect shafts to the very clouds; we may hope to dwarf anything that has been done in colossal archi-

For Cuts and Scrapes

Always keep a bottle of New-Skin in the house for the children's cuts, scrapes and little hurts.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

Be sure you get New-Skin, not an inferior substitute. *Smile, but insist.*

All Druggists—15 and 30 cents.

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Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
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Also includes other kindred subjects.
All in one volume. Illustrated. $2.00 postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
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Charles Clayton Morrison and Herbert L. Willett, Editors
The Hymnal for the new social era. For use in all evangelical denominations. "The most beautiful hymnal in the American Church." Returnable copy and prices sent on request.

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An undenominational journal of religion. Faces the reconstruction era with faith. Indispensable to the thoughtful layman or minister who wants to keep his religious thinking abreast of his other thinking. Three issues sent free on request.

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IN NEW YORK

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To the Active Women's Clubs of the United States

Every women's club in this country that engages in the active discussion of current problems should have a copy of The Outlook's new pamphlet describing and outlining the practical use of The Outlook in the discussion of American affairs. This pamphlet also contains an announcement of The Outlook's new series of articles on Community Civics, to be begun shortly, which covers and parallels the new course in this subject arranged as a requirement for study in the New York High Schools. The Outlook is worth taking for this series alone.

There is no cost and no obligation. Simply fill in this blank, tear it out and mail it. But do it now—before it slips your mind.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, free of any charge or obligation, a copy of the pamphlet describing and outlining the use of The Outlook in the discussion of Current Events, Civics, English, and Rhetoric.

Name _____

Club _____

Address _____

_____

How Shall We Commemorate Their Victory?
(Continued)

tecture. But nowhere can we find a better way to appropriate the memorial offerings of a grateful Nation than in the construction of permanent roads which in their completion will form a great system of Victory Highways.

THE BRIDGEPORT INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS PLAN

(From the "Iron Age")

Research conducted by a sub-committee of the Committee on Technical Education of the Manufacturers' Association of Bridgeport, Connecticut, shows that there is a waste of over a billion dollars a year caused by labor turnover in the United States, and that in Bridgeport alone the loss exceeds a million dollars yearly. The investigation indicated that seventy-five per cent of this waste can be saved by proper and effective plans. A large amount of money is also lost by industrial strife year after year. In addition to these losses, the cost of production is much higher than it need be, for very few employees attain a proper degree of efficiency. Then there must be added the expense caused by absenteeism, making the total waste tremendous. In view of these facts, the sub-committee asked what could be done to reduce waste and make it possible to maintain good wages yet keep down the overhead and permit an employer to compete with other cities and countries where labor is cheaper. The inquiry resulted in a plan which the sub-committee believes, if fairly followed, will cope with the situation to a considerable extent. The plan is confined solely to supervisors such as foremen and superintendents, providing for their instruction in the policies of the employing company, impressing upon them that the management of men is of great importance, and that more can be accomplished by leading than by driving, more by co-operation than by antagonism.

To achieve the object sought three steps are suggested in a report prepared by the committee, as follows:

1. To train and develop the supervisors into what might be termed human engineers.
2. Selection and fitness of the employee for his work.
3. To educate the employee in the best and most efficient methods of performing his work.

The sub-committee sets forth some of the things desired, as follows:

The employer wants:

1. Industrial peace.
2. Improvement in quality and quantity of production.
3. Reduction in the cost of production.
4. Higher efficiency on the part of the employee.
5. Attentiveness and interest of the worker in his work and in his fellows.
6. Loyalty and confidence on the part of the employee.

The employee wants:

1. Higher wages.
2. Better personal relations.
3. Good working conditions.
4. A square deal.
5. Steady work.

These wants, the committee believes, can be attained by co-operation, confidence, and patient persistence.

The committee suggests the following procedure:

1. That from each factory there be appointed a man, preferably an executive,

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The Bridgeport Industrial Relations Plan
(Continued)

who may be known as the manager of industrial relations. He shall perform the duties suggested by his title, instruct the supervisors in the policies of the company, attend the various meetings called, follow up suggestions made and see that they are properly carried out.

2. The Manufacturers' Association should at once arrange one or more general meetings of supervisors, at which the plans, methods, and means for securing results desired will be described by men of experience.

3. Supervisors' meetings should then be called in the individual plants, or groups of smaller plants, which meetings shall be addressed by local men who are experts in the various lines which will be discussed, with the view of developing in a practical way the points which should be covered.

The supervisors should in some practical way be recognized for accomplishing good results along the lines indicated, thus giving them a definite personal and monetary interest in the progressive work of the departments.

4. As before stated, the manager of industrial relations should constantly and consistently instill in the minds of the supervisors the policies and the spirit of the management, so that they in turn may properly interpret them to the employees, and so build up a spirit of confidence and co-operation.

In properly following out the plan here outlined, belief was expressed that labor turnover could be materially reduced, that matters within the factory could be amicably adjusted, the efficiency of the employee increased, absenteeism reduced, and larger financial returns produced for worker and employer.

The Working Conditions Service of the United States Department of Labor has worked out a constructive plan for reducing industrial accidents and sickness, and for developing good will between workers and management. The service aims to reduce the labor turnover and to bring about a wholesale stability in productive forces. As production must be maintained upon a paying basis, a management must constantly study all elements that enter into cost of production. Scientific study has revealed other labor costs in addition to wages. By adopting better policies such costs can be reduced. The Working Conditions Service is rendering invaluable assistance to employers in developing and establishing these better policies.

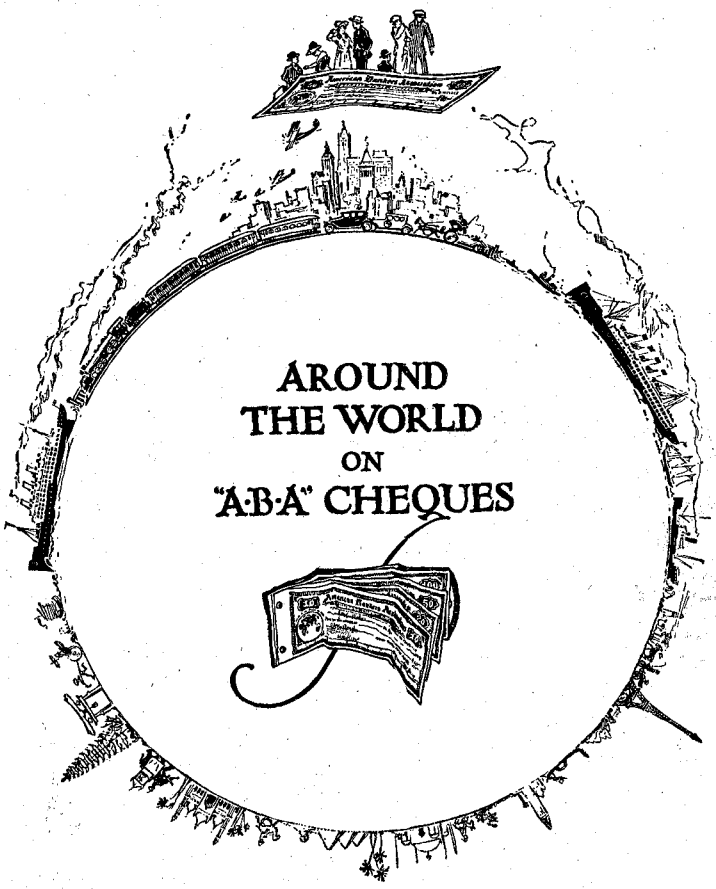
Communication on such subjects from manufacturers is invited by the Director-General of the Working Conditions Service, United States Department of Labor.

CONGRESS OR THE FARMERS?

I wish to thank you for your opposition to the repeal of the Daylight Saving Law. The extra hour of daylight after a hard day's work at a desk has been a boon to me and my friends. The large garden around the house in which I live shows the good effect of tilling the soil in the evening.

Much blame for the repeal is being laid upon the farmers. It is difficult to believe that as a class they are opposed to a law benefiting so many persons. Farmers are not selfish. It is Congress which prefers "darkness rather than light." Congress is like the ignorant monk who refused to give up his old mumpsimus for the new sumpsimus.

Richmond, Virginia. P. F. BROWN, JR.



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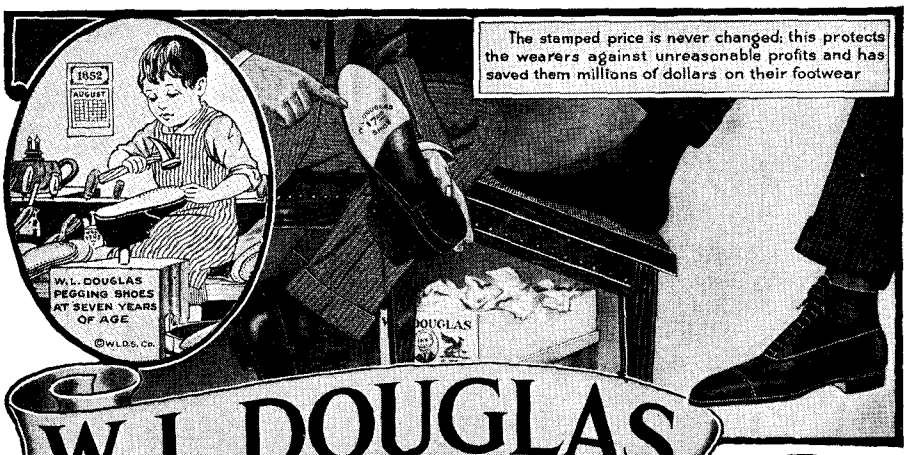
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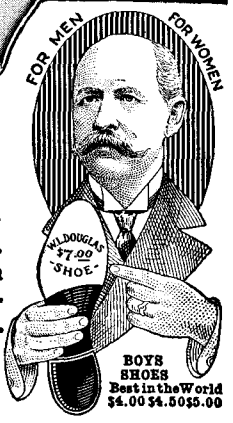

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BY THE WAY

Several letters have been received as to what became of the gold spike that was driven into the last rail laid in building the Union Pacific Railroad. A subscriber adds this conclusive statement:

"I would like to correct the answer made in your issue of June 25, that the gold spike was melted up and recast into small spikes. The spike is in the museum at Stanford University at Palo Alto; the nugget attached and photographed was made into souvenirs and presented to officers of the road and Government officials. Small spikes and rings were given to many relatives and friends of Mr. Hewes. The writer was given one of each. After the eventful day, May 10, 1869, the spike was presented to Governor Stanford and long kept in the office of the Southern Pacific at San Francisco and later returned to Mr. Hewes, who eventually presented it to the Stanford Museum at the time his art collection found location there."

Humorous epitaphs, like baptismal certificates, should always be furnished with date and place of record to be thoroughly deserving of credence. A subscriber sends these epitaphs without such credentials, but states that they are "taken from old churchyards in England:"

"Here I lays
Killed by a chaise."

"Here I lie
Killed by a sky-
rocket in the eye."

"This stone was raised by Sarah's lord,
Not Sarah's virtues to record,
For they were known to all the town,
But this stone was raised to keep Sarah *down*."

German humor is not entirely eclipsed by the result of the war. Here is an "art criticism" from the "Lustige Blätter" of Berlin: "What!" says the possible buyer, examining a picture; "five hundred marks for that picture of a basket of cherries! Why, I could buy cartloads of the real thing for that!"

"I am obliged to discharge my stenographer," says Jones to Smith; "she has asked me once or twice how to spell words I have dictated." "Ah!" says Smith; "she must be an ignorant sort of girl." "Yes, she is. Besides, it is bad for discipline when I always have to tell her that I don't know myself."

In San Francisco, says the "Argonaut," at a launching of a ship a stanch temperance advocate exclaimed: "I strongly object to the custom of christening ships with champagne." "I don't see why you should; there's a great temperance lesson in the ceremony," declared a local magnate. "How's that?" demanded the prohibitionist. "Well," explained the magnate, "the ships starts off with a bottle of champagne. Immediately afterwards it takes to water and sticks to it for the rest of its days."

An exchange prints the following under the head of "A Few Tragedies:"

A man struck a match to see if the gasoline tank on his auto was empty. It wasn't.

A man patted a strange bulldog on the head to see if the critter was affectionate. It wasn't.

A man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to a crossing. He couldn't.

A man touched a trolley wire to see if it was charged. It was.

Mrs. Fowler, of Burkburnett, Texas, wouldn't sign the deed of sale, says "Col-

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By the Way (Continued)

lier's." She thought there might be oil on the farm, and insisted on digging a well before she and her husband quit the place. Mr. Fowler yielded to his wife's whim, and raised the money to dig the well from among his more prosperous neighbors. The greatest flow of oil in many years followed the digging of the well, and Fowler's neighbors got $15,000 for every $100 they had lent him. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler are now oil millionaires.

"Cartoons" has this on the Pullman porter: "Traveler—'Did you find a roll containing fifty dollars under my pillow?' Porter—'Yas, suh; thank you, suh.'"

We quoted lately from Mr. Enos A. Mills's book about "The Grizzly." Here are two more incidents which show a distinct sense of humor, or at least of fun, in the grizzly's makeup:

> In the southwest corner of Yellowstone Park a number of boys were bathing in a stream, when a young grizzly came along and for a moment stood watching their pranks. Then he slipped quietly behind some trees upon the bank of the stream. When the boys approached this spot, with a wild "Woof, woof," he leaped into the water among them. This caused great excitement and merriment, plainly just what he desired. As he swam hurriedly away, he looked back over his shoulder with satisfaction.
>
> Another amusing incident also happened in the Yellowstone. As the stage arrived at the Cañon Hotel one of the passengers, who had been having much to say concerning bears, put on his raincoat and got down on all fours, proceeding to impersonate a bear. While this demonstration was on a grizzly arrived. He made a rush at the man and chased him up a tree, amid laughter and excitement. The bear made no attempt to harm any one and plainly enjoyed this prank merely as a prank.

London "Punch" quotes the following extract from the War Trade Department under the heading, "Our Official Naturalists:" "I am instructed by the Director of the War Trade Department to request you to state if the pedigree colt is a shorthorn steer."

Mr. Plumb, of the Plumb Plan, was asked by a Congressional Committee what he meant by a "revolution." He at first said it meant that those who do not agree with the new ideas shall be removed from office, by the use of the ballot. "That is not revolution," said a Congressman. "Well," said Mr. Plumb, as reported, "it means that the people are going to get liberty through Constitutional and lawful forces if they can, but if the powers of reaction prevent it, it will come in some other way." Later Mr. Plumb volunteered another definition of the word "revolution" by quoting from a speech by a Congressman to the students at Yale, advising them to "spread the gospel and raise hell generally." "That is about what these men mean," he said. "It doesn't mean any overturning of the Government."

The American State Department announces that after the first of October passports will be issued to tourists for European travel. In this connection it is interesting to learn from the New York branch of the Swiss Federated Railways that many of the large hotels of Switzerland are again open or soon to be opened, though with an average increase of fifty per cent in their rates over the pre-war tariff. This increase will apply also to railway fares.

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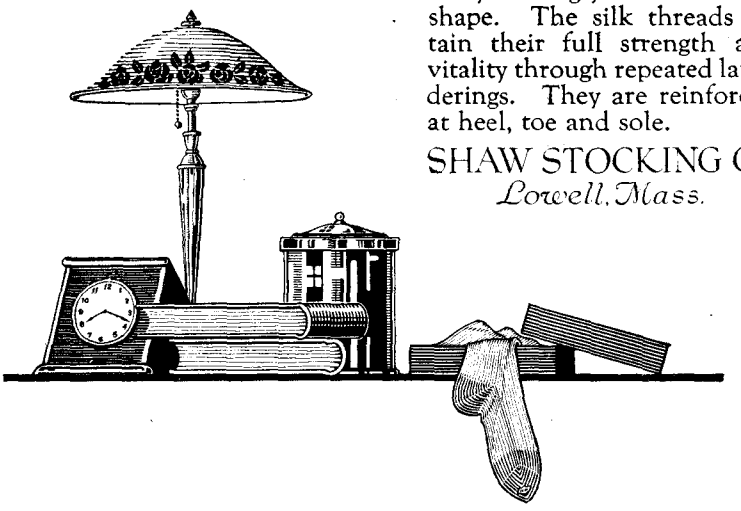

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WHAT DOES THE NEGRO WANT?

A few months after the armistice was signed a small group of Americans, representing the various sections of our country, met in a little room in Paris to hear a paper on the French Revolution and to discuss such questions as might be suggested by it.

One gentleman, who had spent a considerable time at the front and had seen the American doughboy as he really is and not as some Christian worker says he is, reminded his hearers that the Christian church must undergo a great change if it would hold its place in the life of the American boy. Another addressed himself to the grievances of the laboring man; but those present seemed very much surprised when a young Negro, who had come in and taken a back seat, rose and said that twelve million American Negroes are exceedingly dissatisfied with the conditions under which they live, and the quicker those conditions are changed and the American Negroes treated precisely the same as all other citizens the better it will be for all parties concerned.

It was at the close of this meeting that the speaker of the evening, a former editor of a leading business journal in America, approached the young Negro and asked, "What does the Negro want?"

In a recent article in The Outlook, August 20, under the caption, "What Does the Negro Want?" the writer, a native of Mississippi, answers the question as follows: "Only this. As good a chance for their boy and girl as you and I want for ours. But they feel that they get that chance most surely by staying in their own crowd. . . . We need not have been surprised had these Negroes desired mixed schools and social intermingling. On the contrary, this community, while reaching up toward white standards, prefers racial seclusion."

The writer is quite certain that the gentleman from Mississippi is mistaken in his conclusion that the Negroes in Cincinnati or any other place in the United States prefer racial seclusion. The fact that the Negroes in Cincinnati are making the most of segregated schools is no argument that they prefer racial seclusion. As a matter of fact, Negroes, like all other races, are unalterably opposed to "staying in their own crowd." They are all social beings. They prefer their own to all others, but they have no idea of limiting their social intercourse to their own racial group.

The public school is the bulwark of American democracy because it tends to produce mutual understanding. In the public school the children of all classes and races meet on a common plane. They learn to understand and respect each other, and so lay the foundation for the future peace and happiness of the Republic. This mutual understanding cannot be developed if we have one school for Negroes, another for Indians, another for Chinese, and still others for the various groups of the white race.

What does the Negro want? He wants to be let alone and permitted to work out his own salvation as any other race in America. He wants every right and privilege guaranteed to every American citizen by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

M. W. BULLOCK.

Boston, Massachusetts.

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